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ABSTRACT

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Pictured at left is the CEDAR CHAPEL COVERED BRIDGE in the process of being moved from its original location by BUTLER & BUTLER CONST., INC. The bridge was built in 1884 and was located on DeKalb County Road 68 ten miles west of Spencerville, Indiana. The picture was taken February 8, 1966, by Dailey Fogle of the Fort Wayne Journal-Gazette. M. Auber Butler and Kern Butler are shown on the pile bent at the center of the bridge adjusting the rollers upon which the bridge was resting. Dale W. Butler and DuWayne Richmond were operating the crane which supported the west end of the bridge during the moving process. As pictured, the bridge weighed more than thirty tons.

BUTLER & BUTLER CONST., INC.
POST OFFICE BOX 88
207 SOUTH WEST STREET
AUBURN, INDIANA 46706

BUTLER & BUTLER CONST., INC is owned and operated by M. Auber Butler and his two sons, Dale W. Butler and Kern Butler. The Butlers are direct descendants of David and Elizabeth Yates Butler who were the first permanent residents of the first settlement in DeKalb County, Indiana.

BUTLER & BUTLER CONST., INC. is the builder of the longest single span pre-cast prestressed concrete bridge structure in the Indiana State Highway system (located on U.S. 6 over the Elkhart River). Their latest projects are four of the finest rest area facilities in the Federal Interstate Highway System (located on I-69, Auburn, Indiana; I-69, Markle, Indiana; I-70, Greenfield, Indiana; and I-74, Lizton, Indiana).

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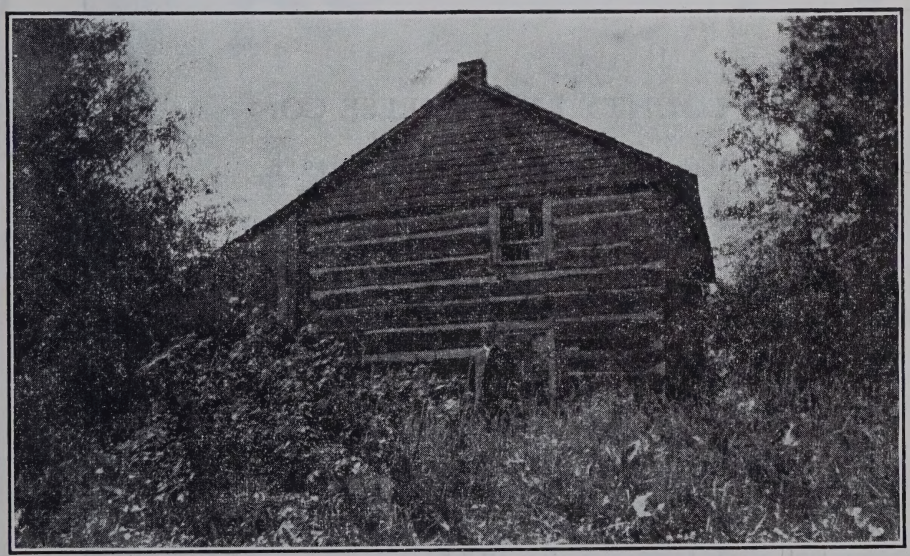


The birthplace, north of Butler, of George W. Geddes, founder of Geddes Drug Store, Inc.

The
CITY NATIONAL BANK

Auburn, Indiana
Founded 1902

Presidents:

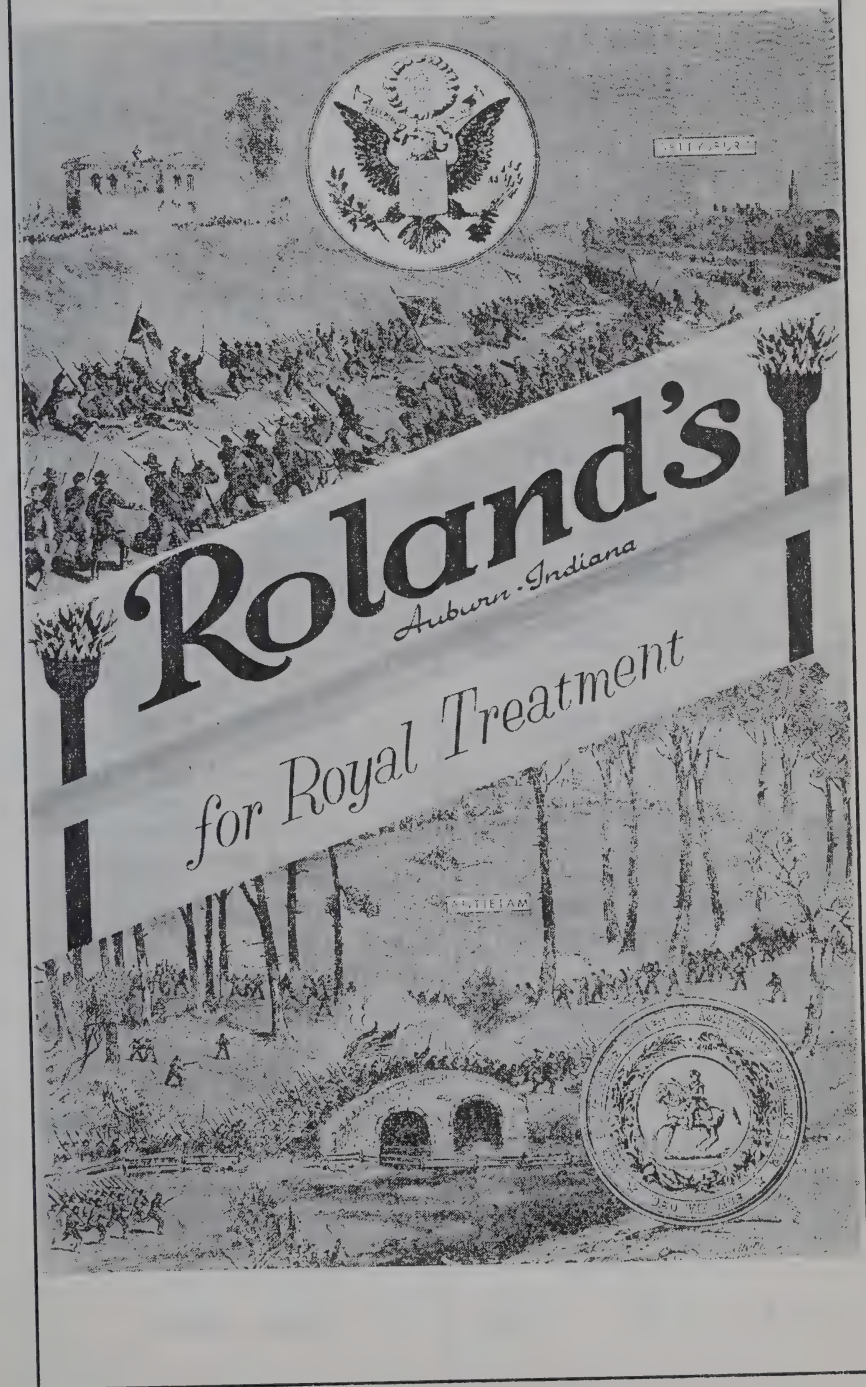
Wm. H. McIntyre	1902-1907	P. S. Carper	1936-1951
F. M. Hines	1907-1931	Hugh Carper	1951-1967
W. Lige	1931-1936	James H. Carper	1967-Present

COUNTY LINE CHEESE CO.

Makers of Quality Cheese Since 1913

County Line Cheese was first made over a half century ago in a farm house on the DeKalb-Allen County Line Road. The same cheese is produced today — only in much greater quantity. The Company's own fleet of trucks visit over 1,000 Tri-State area farms daily to collect the 340,000 pounds of milk consumed each day .

An immigrant from Switzerland, Fred Marolf, Sr., founded the business which is now in the hands of the third generation of the same family. The popularity of the firm's product is attested to by continued growth of the firm since its inception in the farm house that still stands beside the plant. While most County Line Cheese is sold in the Tri-State area, some shipments are made to distant points.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A Drug Store in the Same Location for Over 80 Years
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"THE FAMILY STORE"
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Cedar at Seventh
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DAILEY MOTOR SALES, INC.
Dodge Cars and Trucks
Founded March 1, 1939
Auburn, Indiana

AUBURN FOUNDRY, INC.

West Eleventh Street
Auburn, Indaina

Auburn Foundry started on its course toward becoming a major supplier of quality gray iron castings in 1914. In that year Hoosier-born Burr O. Fink leased the foundry operation and shortly after purchased the business.

Tank track rollers were supplied by the foundry during World War I, and in 1920 the production of stokers was started for the Auburn Stoker Division. This division was later incorporated into the foundry.

A disastrous fire completely destroyed the plant in January 1951. Shortly after, a new plant of incombustible construction was built, and production resumed in 1952 . . . utilizing the most modern, mechanized production facilities. Further expansions were completed in 1954, 1959, 1964 and 1966. Today 116,000 square feet are used in the foundry operations and the daily melt capacity is in excess of two hundred net tons.

Whether castings weigh a few pounds or several hundred, each is produced with service and quality.

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Rieke CORPORATION

AUBURN, INDIANA 46706

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND OF RIEKE CORPORATION

The year was 1920. The scene was a small and very modest tool and die shop. Place: Chicago. A government inspector walked into the T. W. Rieke and Son Tool and Die Works and requested some simple go and no-go gauges be made for the inspection of the 3/4" and 2" bungs on government drums that were being manufactured by Wilson and Bennett Company in Chicago.

The order was completed. The inspector stopped in to pick up the gauges and left. However, just before he left and as he got to the exit door, he turned and said, "Rieke, if someone could figure out a way to install bungs in steel barrels by some method other than welding (which always resulted in warpage problems), it would speed up the manufacture of drums and probably result in a more economical drum."

This was the first seed planted in the mind of T. W. Rieke to make a pressed-in bung for a steel drum.

In 1921 the first patents were issued to T. W. Rieke for the first pressed-in type of bung or closure and this same principle is being applied to pressed-in closures since that time all over the world.

Had it not been for the chance remark of the government inspector that day long ago, the Rieke Corporation might still be a tool and die works and the steel barrel industry might not have progressed to their present high degree of efficiency. Not only did the steel drum industry profit by this invention but that profit has been passed down millions of times through the past nearly half a century to the ultimate users of these drums.

WATERLOO TELEPHONE EXCHANGE, INC.

Waterloo, Indiana

The company was founded in 1889 by Alfred "Ab" Kelley. Mr. Kelley was the owner of the Rocke Hotel in Waterloo and had the town's only telephone. To this telephone he added a switchboard and the Waterloo Telephone Exchange was launched with an original list of 35 subscribers. The exchange continued to grow and by 1910 had 150 subscribers. "Ab" Kelley died in 1911 and the company was then taken over by his son Eugene Kelley who continued to operate the Exchange until his death in 1962. For a year thereafter the business was operated by Eugene Kelley's sons, Alfred and Grant Kelley. In 1963 Grant Kelley and his wife, Cyrille, purchased the business and presently own and operate it. Dial equipment was installed for the then 350 subscribers in 1950. The Exchange presently has 1032 subscribers.

THE GARRETT STATE BANK

1893-1968

75th Anniversary Year

Member FDIC

Ralph *Sechler* & Son, Inc.

St. Joe, Indiana, 46785

Pickle Specialties

Ralph Sechler & Son, Inc., grower, processor and packer of Sechler Pickles was founded in 1922 by Ralph Sechler.

Ralph worked as a young man in the cucumber receiving station in St. Joe which was built by the D. M. Sears Company of Fort Wayne in 1912.

In 1922 he purchased the St. Joe Receiving Station from Sears, as well as stations in Hamilton and Fremont, Indiana, and Edgerton, Ohio. He operated these receiving and salting stations for the next ten years and in 1932 started his first processing and packing operations in the barn at the residence. This residence is now the office. The "barn" burned down in 1937 and was replaced by a building of tile block construction which still stands and to which there have been numerous additions since 1937.

Ralph's mother was Mary Widney whose grandfather Samuel Widney (not the Rev. Samuel Widney who wrote the book) settled where the pickle factory is located in 1837.

Ralph's grandchildren, the children of Franklyn Sechler who is now operating the Company, represent the sixth generation of this particular branch of the Widney family. Therefore, the Sechler Pickle Company is truly a DeKalb County enterprise.

Auburn Federal Savings and Loan Association

Founded 1909

The only Federal Savings and Loan Association in DeKalb County

ALLISON CORPORATION

WHOLESALE AUTOMOTIVE PARTS

Founded 1942 by Don and Ken Allison

Auburn Kendallville

SCHAAB'S DEPARTMENT STORE
(Schaab & Brother Company, Inc.)

DEKALB COUNTY'S OLDEST RETAIL ESTABLISHMENT . . . OPERATED BY ONE FAMILY

CHRONOLOGY:

1877 Schaab & Beugnot started the store as a company store for a stave mill they operated

1879 Charles A. Schaab joins the organization as clerk

1886 Charles A. and William H. Schaab buy the interests of Schaab & Beugnot

1896 George E. Beugnot, a nephew, joins the organization as a clerk

1907 George E. Beugnot and Thomas H. Leasure join the firm as partners

1911 Donald C. Schaab joins the firm as a clerk

1914 Donald C. Schaab becomes a partner

1923 Schaab & Bro., a partnership, incorporated under the name of Schaab & Brother Company, Inc. with C. A. Schaab, Pres., W. H. Schaab, Sec'y., George E. Beugnot, Vice-President, D. C. Schaab, Treas.

1926 Thomas H. Leasure retired

1941 Charles A. and William H. Schaab retired from active participation in the operation of the business and Donald C. Schaab was named General Manager

1943 George E. Beugnot died and W. H. Schaab assumed the office of Vice-President

1945 Charles A. Schaab died and W. H. Schaab became President, W. K. Schaab, Vice-President and D. C. Schaab, Sec'y-Treas.

1951 Donald C. Schaab bought the entire stock of Schaab & Brother Company, Inc. and now operates it as a small business corporation, under the name of SCHAAB'S DEPARTMENT STORE.

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PIONEER SKETCHES OF DEKALB COUNTY

By S. W. WIDNEY

The old "Sketches" here reprinted were first written and published as a series of articles in the DEKALB COUNTY TIMES. In 1859 they were collected and printed as a pamphlet by W. T. and J. M. Kimsey, Printers, Auburn, Indiana. Only two copies of the original pamphlet are known to exist. One is owned by Mrs. Flossie Mavis, Auburn, Indiana, who is a descendant of S. W. Widney, and the other is located in the Indiana State Library.

The present reprinting has been done by the offset process to preserve the character of the original publication along with its typographical errors, misspellings, and other errors. The offset plates have been made from a photostat of the Indiana State Library copy. The photostat copy is in the collection of the Eckhart Public Library, Auburn, Indiana, and was made available through Mrs. Lucille Smith, Librarian. It was necessary to retouch the cover page and eight other pages to insure a readable reproduction. No changes have been made in the original. The cover of the original publication was a light yellow cardboard, of which the present cover is a reasonable facimile.

The table of contents has been compiled from the original introductions to the respective chapters along with a few bracketed additions. The index of personal names has been compiled and is included herein to make the publication more useable for historical and genealogical research. The page numbers of the original have been retained. All other pages are numbered with lower case Roman numerals.

The republication of "Pioneer Sketches" is both a public service and a fund raising project of the DeKalb County Historical Society. Thus advertising has been sold to historically-minded DeKalb County businessmen. Most of the advertisements are of historical interest in themselves. Thanks is extended to the advertisers, without whom the project would not have been possible.

The DeKalb County Historical Society was organized in 1965. Its first president was John Martin Smith, who was followed in office by the current president, Stanley Means. Its stated purpose is "to promote historical study and research, especially in and of DeKalb County, Indiana, and the State of Indiana." Meetings are held at various locations throughout the county. Membership is open to any interested person.

It is hoped that this publication will stimulate further interest and research into local history. May it be only a beginning.

John Martin Smith, Chairman
Publications Committee
DeKalb County Historical Society

Auburn, Indiana
October, 1968

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PIONEER SKETCHES.

BY

REV. S. W. WIDNEY

CHAPTER I.

DEAR READER:

I propose writing a series of articles for the "DeKalb County Times," under the above caption, embracing sketches of the early settlement of the County;—Hardships endured by the settlers:—Incidents of "backwoods" life;—Delineations of pioneer character;—Progress of improvements &c. &c. hoping that such sketches will be of some interest to the inhabitants of the county at least.

The first settlers of our county will soon have passed away—either to use their hard-earned experience of frontier life on the more favorable prairie lands of the "far west" or to that undiscovered bourne from which no traveler is permitted to return. The distant west already holds many of them;—The graveyards perhaps full as many. As they thus one by one pass from us, with them will go the remembrance of severe battles fought and glorious victories won over whole regiments of the giant sons of the forest —of quagmires almost equal to Milton's

——— "Serbonion bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Casius old
Where armies whole have sunk." Or of "bloodless blue lip'd agues" more to be dreaded than bottomless swamps or interminable forests. These battles–These victories should not be forgotton. They have been of more real advantage to our country then many more famous conflicts in which her warlike sons have "covered themselves all o'er with glory."

The rising generation, as they look over the broad, fertile fields—green meadows, and fruitful orchards; or as they enjoy the fine tasteful dwelling, ample barns—costly mills, beautiful highways &c, should know at what expense of toil, suffering and privation their hardy predecessors procured these comforts or prepared for them.

However indifferently then I may be able to collect and transcribe the interesting records of memory in which these are written, you will admit that the object is praiseworthy.

In pursuing this object beyond our own personal knowledge, (reaching back only to the 6th, of May 1837, and confined even them to the Township of Concord and Newville,) we will have to call for the assistance of that notable character so often appealed to "the oldest inhabitant of the several Townships and settlements. Be it known therefore to the above named distinguished personage and all others to who these presents may come—that dates of the origin of the several settlements, Names of the first settlers, and incidents pertaining to the first settlements, progress of improvements &c. will, here, find a ready market and be fully paid for in that very convenient currency for hard times, namely thanks.

So much, dear reader, by way of preface, introduction—prelude—prologue—advertisement, or whatever else you may see proper to name it. Now to the "*subject matter*," as we Preachers are in the habit of saying.

Very few "settlers" were within the bounds now embraced by DeKalb County, before the early part of the year 1836.

There were a *few*, however, along the little St. Joseph river. The following list embraces all that we no of at present. viz: Homer Blake, who settled on the tract of land owned of late years, nntil quite recently, by his son Harry Blake, below Spencerville—David Butler, on the farm where he still resides; John Mathews, on a tract of land now forming a part of the home farm of Hon. R. J. Dawson; Mr. Yates, on another portion ot said farm, and the present site of Spencerville. Old Mr. Rhodes and sons, on the farm joining Spencerville on the west. Jeremiah Rhodes, on the farm now owned by Mr Melton, on Bear Creek. Daniel Rhodes, on the farm still occupied by his widow. Mr. Brandt and Crannel Rood, on the farm in the bend of the river east of Spencerville. Wm. Mathews on the farm where Jacob Dils now resides. George and David Mathews, on a tract on the opposite side of the river from William. Mr. Lytle and Jared Ball, on the farm now owned by Gavin Hamilton, one mile below Orangeville. Washington Robinson, on the present site of Newville, and Wm. Rogers and Jacob Platter, on the farm now belonging to Samuel Wyatt, near Newville. A part of this county was then embraced in LaGrange county and the ballance in Allen.

Early in the year 1836, John Blair Esq. settled on the farm where he still lives; Charles Wilber, on the farm now owned by old Mr. Hull, near Orangeville; William Burley, at the present site of the last named village; Joseph Ludwick, on the farm where he still lives; Judge Walden a little farther up the river and Arial Rood still further up. A little later in the season perhaps, Judge Widney settled on the farm where he still lives; and John P. Widney on the farm now owned by Gardner Mellindy at Newville; Benjamin Alton on the farm now owned by Dr. Herrington; Dr. Babcock a little below, on the farm now owned by Mr. Scoles' and Asher Coburn, and perhaps some others of his relatives, in the Coburn settlement. During the same season Wesley Park settled where Auburn now is, and laid out the town. Settlers began to push through the woods into various portions of the country, and the county wss organized. We will, however, reserve a notice of the settlement in other parts than Concord and Newville Townships for future Numbers. In our next we will give some interesting incidents connected with these first settlements along the river.

CHAPTER. II.

Physical features of Concord, Newville and Stafford Townships—Early settlers of the latter—Hardships of the settlers in moving into the country—"Shipwreck" on the St. Joseph—"Millers trace"—Indians—Owls mistaken for Indians—Real Indian whoops—After "fire water"—An Indian camp—Hardships in going to mill and market—Perogues—"Hold on to the Willows"—Dipping ice candles with bare hands—Price of Provisions—Potato diet—Nettles, beech bark and milk—The Chills and Fevers—A Pioneer Cabin and Furniture—Falling "into the Ditch."

Dear Reader, The settlements, of which we wrote in our last, were in Concord and Newville Townships. These, with Stafford, were then embraced in what was called "DeKalb Township." In the year 1836 several settlers located in Stafford, (we shall mention some of them presently.) Before proceeding to give *incidents*, perhaps it might be well, (as suggested by a friend,) to give some of the physical features of the three Congressional Townships, then embraced in one civil Township. Concord is intersected, very near-

ly diagonally from the North-east to the South-west corners, by the little St. Joseph river. The township is six miles square, embracing, of course, thirty-six sections of land. Along the river are rich bottoms from forty to eighty rods wide. Back of these are fertile, well timbered uplands—intermixed, occasionally, with some poorer oak timbered tracts, but all good wheat land. The river affords good Mill privileges, and, at present, there are two grist and two saw mills erected thereon. Bear Creek also runs down from the North-west corner of the township, through the centre, into the river. On it a saw mill is now erected, near the centre of the Township: and another on the "twenty-six mile creek," at the North-east corner. Taking all its natural advantages, perhaps Concord may be regarded as about the best township in the county.

Newville is a fractional township, six miles long, and perhaps two and half wide. The St. Joseph River runs diagnally across the North-west corner. The lands are much the same as in Concord, and might be divided into the rich river lands. The oak timbered, wheat lands about the centre of the Township, and the beech and sugar timbered lands at the south end.

Stafford is a fractional Township also; and has the river above mentioned, running across the South-east corner, and "Big run," a considerable creek, across the North-end from West to East. On the river and creek the lands are quite fertile. Between the two they are variable, but none too poor for wheat, when properly cultivated. John Webster was one of the earliest settlers in the bounds of the Township. He bought some hundreds of acres of very rich land on the river near the Ohio State line, and, in 1836, settled on it. He was a somewhat eccentric man; an ardent devotee of wealth; careless on religious subjects; and yet a good citizen and neighbor. He was very useful in supplying the early settlers with corn, potatoes, &c., at very reasonable rates for the times; and, of later years, by erecting a good Saw and Grist Mill on his premises. He, and all his sons, three in number, have since left their valuable earthly possessions, and have gone to the "spirit land." His brother, Hazzard Webster, was also an early settler, respected by those that knew him. He died of late years in California. Jacob Gunsenhouser, John Rose and Rufus Coats Esq., were also early settlers in this Township; all good christian men, and highly respected citizens. Esquire Coats, has also gone from earth—the other two yet survive. S. W. Hackley, was also an early settler, and still lives honored by those who know him.

Many difficulties had to be encountered in getting into the country, at that early day. If the emigrant came with wagons, he had to cut and make his own road. If by the river, he *sometimes* met with "*shipwreck*;" an instance of which we will now relate.

Judge Widney was from Central Pennsylvania, and came by canal to the Alleghany Mountains; over the mountains by steam, ascending and descending those inclined planes; then again by canal to Pittsburgh; down the Ohio river by steamboat to Cincinnati; then by canal to Dayton Ohio; thence by wagons *through* (not over) that *horrible*, HORRIBLE "Black swamp" to Fort Wayne. From thence he and his wife passed up the Indian trail on horseback along the St. Joseph river, while the family, in the care of John P. Widney and wife, embarked in the perogue of Judge Walden and Thomas Gorrell, who where down for some provisions. The craft was "poled" safely

(though the load was heavy,) until they reached a ripple in the river, near David Butlers, when the bow of the boat being turned by the rapid current, the water struck the side, and capsized the concern. Down went the Perogue, leaving crew and passengers, small and great flounder'g in water waist deep to a common sized man; and the goods floating down the river in sublime confusion. Some of the larger children succeeded in paddling ashore, while the, then wife of John P. Widney, (now sleeping in Auburn grave yard,) seized his present wife, then a child of five years old, and upheld her in the water until the men succeeded in helping all ashore. The goods were then caught at different points down the river. A trunk containing $800 in bank bills, floated down perhaps half a mile, and when the runaway was caught, the bills were completely saturated with the water, and had to be dried at the fire.

As another instance of difficulties in getting into the country, though perhaps not exactly in its proper place here, we will relate that Mr. Joseph Miller, the first county surveyor for DeKalb county, and his father brought a part of their goods by way of Ft. Wayne to Shryocks, (now Stoner's) mill. And from thence to the farm, now owned by Mr. Ditmer, one mile below Auburn, they had to cut their way through the dense forest. Having left the ballance of their goods and their families on the Maumee, they struck through the woods, directly East, by means of a pocket compass, to the St. Joseph—going round the worst swamps—and then cut a road all the way back, (some 12 miles,) for their wagons to pass—having to bridge a tamarack swamp on the way. This road was known as "Miller's trace" for years afterwards, and served as a high way for many emigrants. It was where the road now runs, Westward from the St. Joseph river, at Judge Widney's.

Many of the settlers had never seen an Indian, before coming here; but they had heard, and read much of their savage barbarity. During years 1835-6-7 and 8 many of these "Red men," still lingered in their native forests, generally in large companies or "*camps*." They were an object of terror to many of the settlers, especially to the women and children; as singly or in caravans, they passed from one camp to another. To add to the terror, at first, the screams of a great owl, unknown in the East, but abounding in the western woods, were taken for the "*whoops*" of these savages. Well do I remember a night, in the fall of 1837, spent in terror of the Indians. I had been in the country six months, but as yet had seen very few of them. My widowed mother with six childern, younger than myself, (and I not yet 17 years of age,) bought, and settled on the farm, spoken of in my last, as belonging to Dr. Babcock. Here an Indian trail crossed the river, and on the other side was a house where liquor was sold. Soon after nightfall, the *real* "*whoops*" were heard away in the South woods. The sound drew continually nearer, and increased in volume, till our fears pictured a whole army of savages coming to murder us. We put out all the lights; fastened the doors, and concealed ourselves in different parts of the house. Soon the Indians were trampling around the house, and their torches gleaming through the window. We almost held our breath with fear.—Soon however they passed by, down to the river, and, taking our canoe, crossed over, and their whoops died away—drowned in the Indians favorite beverage, "*good old rye*." But our rest was spoiled for the night, as we continually dreaded their return.

Afterwards, however, we became bet-

ter acquainted with the "poor Indian"—as a camp of some 40 men, squaws and "*papooses*," spent four or five weeks in their tents, within twenty rods of the house—visiting us, or we them daily.—The men spent their time in hunting, dressing their game, gambling, or lying around the fire like dogs. The women chopped the wood, made the fires, and waited on their lords and masters, while the children shot birds with their bows and arrows. Joe Richardville, son of the celebrated Chief, was in the camp, dressed partly like an Indian, and partly in the European costume. His college education failed to make any thing of him but an Indian.

The nearest mill and market was at Ft. Wayne, about twenty-six miles from the center of the river settlement, by land, and nearly as far again by the winding river. There was no wagon road, as yet, and the river was the great thoroughfare. It was navigated by means of "perogues," (that is, large canoes dug out of the huge towering poplars, abounding along the river.) They were sometimes three or four feet wide, and seventy or eighty feet long, and would carry quite a burden. They were propelled by means of poles and paddles. Coming up the river, with a load, when the water was high, was very hard work, especially if the river was too high to reach the bottom with poles of a convenient length.

Mr. Rhodes, of this village, informs me that, on one occasion, his father and Samuel Wasson, of Spencerville, had to pull a loaded perogue, nearly all the way from Fort Wayne, to where Spencerville now is, by laying hold of the willows and other bushes along the margin of the water. The entire *voyage*, occupied a week. John P. Widney states that he and some others came up with a load of provisions, late in November, 1836, when the river was swollen with the fall rains, and the "*slush ice*" was running, and ice froze on the poles whenever they drew them out of the water. These icy poles had to be used with their bare hands; as gloves or mittens could not be used. In this way it required a full week to come up.

Provisions were very scarce and dear at Fort Wayne, at that time. Flour rose to $14 per barrel, and sometimes "*wormy*" at that. Corn was $1 50 per bushel in the ear, and much of it *rotten*. Salt was $2 25 per bushel, and other things in proportion.

Living thus distant from mill and market, and that market so high, it may be readily imagined that the settlers would *all* sometimes be reduced to straits in the provision line; and that those scarce of cash, must necessarily have seen very hard times, in that respect. Such was actually the case. There were but few families, I suppose, but that sometimes were pinched with hunger, without the immediate means on hands to satisfy it.—Several days together, had nearly all of them, sometimes, to subsist on potatoes instead of bread; and some would even have been glad to get potatoes. It was reported that one family, now in comfortable circumstances, had to live several weeks on vegetables, gathered from the woods, and cooked as "*greens*," with milk and *beech bark*. Imagine to yourself the cabin of the settler visited, in such circumstances, by severe fevers and agues; sometimes prostrating the whole family for weeks, and you will not wonder that some were discourged, and wished themselves back again at their comfortable Eastern homes.

Are you a "new comer" into our country? And would you like a picture of the cabin of the early day? Well, you shall have a rough sketch of one.—Say we have it 16 feet by 18 in size, and just

high enough for the joists, below the first rib, and then "*cobbed off*" as usual. One man cuts the logs in perhaps half a day, or at most a day. Another, with a yoke of cattle and log-chain, "*snakes*" them out, as fast as cut, to the little spot cleared off for the cabin. The next day they cut a large white oak that will "*rive*," and, sawing it into blocks, four feet long, these are split into "*bolts*," and these bolts riven into "*shakes*" or clapboards. Well, the next day the *neighbors* come in, from five or six miles around, and throw up the logs, and "*notch* them down in their natural rough state, and one man, perhaps, "*skutches* down the inside of the logs as fast as they are put down in their place; while yet another cuts a straight grained ash, and splits puncheons, two inches thick, for the floor, and dresses off one side with his axe. Before night the house is cobbed off, the clapboards laid on the ribs, and the heavy "weight poles" laid on to keep them in their place, and "*knees*" placed to keep these *poles* from rolling down; these knees commencing against the "*butting pole*" at the eave of the cabin, which butting pole is laid on the "eave bearer" (projecting some two feet on each side of the building,) against large pins driven into these "eave bearers." The "*raising*" being now over, the owner next builds a "back wall" of "niggerheads" (as the rough stones were called,) gathered perhaps from half a mile around, as they are sparsely scattered over the surface, or out of the bed of the creek or river; or perhaps, not taking the the trouble to gather these niggerhead, he builds the wall of "*mud*," made of clay dug from the inside of the cabin, just in front of where he expects to have his hearth. The wall is, say, six feet wide and four feet high; built against the end wall of the cabin, equa-distant from the corners. Now he seeks a small tree, with a "*crook*" similar to a sleigh runner, and cutting it of the proper length, splits it for the "*arms*" of his chimney. These are placed, one at each end of his *back wall*, with one end of each arm in a crevice between the logs of the cabin, and the other lodged against the rough joist, the crook being downward, and entering the crevice a little below the top of the back wall. Spliting the "sticks" for his chimney, about the size of plastering lath, he now commences building alternate layers of sticks and mud on the arms, above described, about three feet by six, at first, but gradually drawing in until it is about two feet by four, and then running up, perpendicularly, until the top of his chimney peers above the roof, out of the hole there left for it. Making his hearth of of clay, well beaten down, he next lays his puncheon floor; makes his clapboard door, or hangs up a quilt in place of it; puts in his six light sash, with glass or greased paper to transmit the light; lays the chamber floor with clapboards, and behold, he has a house. Now he must furnish it. Well, taking some puncheons left from the floor, he cuts them into square pieces; dresses off one side with his axe; bores holes for the legs; hews out rough sticks for those legs; drives them in, and his *chairs* are made. Cutting some straight iron wood poles, of proper length, for rails and posts; boring holes with a large auger in those posts; hewing off the ends of the rails with his axe to the necessary size, and then driving all together with his axe, he soon has a *bedstead*! Stripping a young bass wood tree of its bark, and weaving it around and between the rails—Lo the bedstead is corded!! Boring holes in the wall, he dresses rough wooden pins, and lays a broad clapboard thereon—and behold his *cupboard*!

By way of finishing up this *dish* of *hash*, let me tell an anecdote:

John P. Widney had just erected such a cabin as above described, save that it had, as yet, no floor. His chimney had just been finished, and, in building it, he had dug a deep hole just between the door and hearth. He and his wife, seated on a sleeper, in front of the fire, were enjoying its genial warmth, on a cold December night. The earth was covered with a mantle of snow, and the wind whistled without; but what cared they, in their comfortable dwelling? Two land hunters—Mr. Lytle and another, lost and benighted, were pushing through the snow and brush, when the light of the six ligth window, on the tall bluff of the Twenty-six Mile Creek, caught their delighted vision, and they made towards it, and plunged waist deep into the swollen creek, thick with snow and ice. Out again, on the other side, their eyes steadfastly fixed on the beacon light, they soon rapped on the logs at the side of the door, and were cordially bade "come in." Terning aside the quilt, they entered; and stepping toward the cheerful fire, they both plunged, together, into the "awful abyss" from which the substance of the chimney had been drawn. And there we will leave them for the present.

CHAPTER III.

Teams scarce—Shoulder carting—Yankeeing—Hoe husbandry—"Handspike" farming—"Windrow" planting—First preacher—First two days meeting—First prayer meeting—Methodist preachers—First Methodist Protestant class—Getting a preacher—First ministers of other churches—First person married—pumpkin fee—Cramberry fee—First marriage in the settlement—A weakly bride—First marriage licenses in the county—First funeral—A lay preacher—First store—A half day's work—First grist mill—Going to mill on "foot back"—A dog story—First election—Poetical ticket—Paragraph about Judges—Carrying election returns—First Judges and Commissioners—Clerk—A "backwoods Judge—Early settlers again—The flood—"All aboard" and the boards afloat

In addition to the difficulties and privations endured by the river settlements, as mentioned in our last chapter, was that of a scarcity of teams. Having, as yet, raised nothing to feed teams on in the winter; they were willing to make many shifts to get along without. I know a highly respected citizen of this county, who has filled several offices, and is now considered wealthy, that between the first of January 1837, and the first of May following, chopped off five acres of heavy timber, taking it nearly all down,—Burned the brush—Rolled the logs, and burned them off—Split the rails, and carried them to their place on the fence on his shoulders; and thus had his field cleared off, and well fenced by the time mentioned above, without having a team in the clearing, except perhaps one day to draw the remnants of the log heaps together. His wife was his sole help. He chopping and she often picking the brush. Many nights he worked by moonlight, until quite late. He "yankee'd" the largest logs together as he expressed it, having this in view in telling the trees—carried the smaller, logs, or dragged them by one end, or rolled them with the handspike to the heap, as best he could. When I visited him, on the sixth of May, he and his wife were digging holes among the roots with hoes, and putting in the seed corn. The crop was attended entirely with the hoe; and in this way he raised a good crop of corn and potatoes, without having a plow in the field.

It was said that William Mathews raised a good crop of corn, planted with a

handspike, and tended with a hoe. His plan of planting was to strike a sharp handspike into the rich soil diagonally—draw it out—drop in the seed, and then press down the soil by stepping on it as he passed on to plant the next hill.

The settler often found the season for planting on hand, before his clearing was all "burned off;" and then sometimes the corn or potatoes was planted between the log heaps—Sometimes the timber was thrown into "windrows," some 3 or 4 rods apart, and the crop planted between the rows—the logs being rolled each way to these "rows," and left to be burned when the crop came off.

The first settlers were quite destitute of religous privileges. Benjamin Alton, of the Disciple or Campbellite church, preached the first sermon in the county,—so far as I am now informed, in the fall of 1836. For some time, perhaps nearly a year, he was the only preacher. He had settled in the woods, and had to clear his own land, and get his provisions in the mean time, often by taking jobs of chopping; yet he generally preached on Sunday. He was a man of considerable talent, and died some years ago, much lamented. It was said that he used to preach in the summer, in his rough tow pants, without a coat, and with a shoe on one foot and a boot on the other. This is not strange, when I remember that shoes and boots were so hard to be had, that John P. Widney and I, during the summer I lived with him, (1837,) could only get one good pair of shoes between us, which we wore alternately on Sunday—one going to meeting, and the other staying at home; and that John and Hazzard Webster, used to come down to the present site of Newville, even to election *barefooted*.

The first Methodist two days meeting was held near Orangeville, in 1837, by N. L. Thomas, and Joseph Miller, both then residing on the Maumee.

Prayer meetings had been held, previously, by religious persons of various denominations, without any distinctions. The origin of the first one, is thus related by Judge Widney. "We had been in the country some time, without knowing that there was a praying person in the settlement, besides ourselves;—when one Sabbath, Mr. R. R. Lounsbery and another man returning from Fort Wayne, stopped at my house, and informed me that Mr. Thomas L. Yates (afterwards Judge) was under conviction, and wished me to come and pray with him.—I went, and found quite a number of persons in the house. I sang and prayed, and, while praying, noticed that old father Rhodes was fervently responding to my petitions. I then sang again, and called on him to pray, and, while he prayed, I noticed that the old lady, his wife, was also praying. I next called on her, and found that old mother Yates—(mother to the penitent man,) was engaged, and so I called on her next, and this closed our meeting. Afterwards we held prayer meeting, nearly every Sabbath, at Father Rhodes—my house—Mr. Lounsbery's, Mr. Eakright's, &c."

Rev. Messrs. Coleman and Warner were the first circuit preachers of the Methodist Episcopal church, who visited the settlement. I think it was sometime in the year 1838. They organized several classes, at different points. Early in the year 1839, sixteen persons, who had been members of the Methodist Protestant church in Ohio and Pennsylvania, met at the house of Samuel Tarney, on Bear Creek, and organized themselves into an M. P. class. I was one of the members, and Samuel Widney, Sen'r., was our leader. He wrote to Rev. Joel Dalbey, then at Pittsburg, to try to pro-

cure a preacher. He answered that we had better apply to the Ohio conference Our leader then wrote to the celebrated Nicholas Snethen, at Cincinnati. This letter was sent from the Ohio to the Indiana conference, then just organized and holding its session in Monroe County, Indiana, and Lewis Hicklin came on as Missionary, and organized several classes, and finally a circuit. He was the first Methodist Protestant preacher in Indiana, North of the Wabash, so far as I know. For sometime, the Disciple, Methodist Episcopal, and Methodist Pro't. churches were the only ones in the country. Jonathan Thomas and Bishop Kumler, were the first united Brethren preachers. They labored as missionaries through the country in 1841 and 2, if I am correct. S. B. Ward, was the first regular Baptist minister in the county, and Elders Cherry and Miner, the first Free Will Baptist, and James Cather the first Lutheran. Mr. Cather commenced his labors early in the year 1844, and the others several years earlier. We will give the date more definitely when we come to speak of Wilmington Township in which Elders Ward and Cherry settled.

The first person who was married, while a resident of the settlements, we are informed, was Jared Ball, to Miss Malinda Slater. The father of the bride resided in Williams County, Ohio, near the present village of Edgerton, and there they were married ; the eccentric bride-groom paying the marriage fee to Mr. Alton, the officiating minister, in pumpkins, according to previous contract. As an offset to this story of the pumpkins, and to keep it from being lonesome here,—I will state that, in later years, a certain Judge performed a marriage, the bridegroom in which was the fortunate possessor of a tract of "oak opening," and a "cranberry marsh." After the ceremony, the bland and courteous Judge was informed by the happy bridegroom, that for his invaluable services, he could have the privilege of getting some cranberries in his marsh.

The first marriage that took place in the settlement, as far as I know, was that of Nelson Ulm and Elvira Lockwood. I remember that it was said that the bride was too weakly to stand up during the ceremony. It was in the summer of 18-37. The first marriage licenses taken out in the county, was those of Francis Smith and Maria Gunsenhouser, and of John Platter and Ann Emmeline Walden.—Both licenses were taken out on the 5th of September, 1837 ; and both marriages were performed by Washington Robinson, the first Justice of the peace in the county.

The first funeral, in the settlement, was that of Mrs. Barker, who died just above where Newville now is. Judge Widney was sent for to perform the funeral services, there being no minister then in the settlement. He sang, prayed, and talked to the people a few minutes on the subject of death.

The first store in the county, was opened where Orangeville now is, in the spring of 1837. John Platter, Wm. Rogers, a Mr. Savage and some other person, put in each $200, and brought on the amount in such goods as the settlers most needed. John P. Widney was employed to cut logs for the store house—receiving $2 for the job, and performing it in half a day. The house was sixteen by eighteen feet, of round logs.

The first "*grist mill*" or "*corn cracker*" rather, in the county, was built by Wm. Mathews, on Bear creek, on the east part of the school section of Concord Township, at the same spot where there is now a saw mill, near Mr. Alpheus Draggoo's. It was a small affair truly. The

stones were about two feet in diameter, and were turned by means of a "flutter wheel" on an upright post, set in a tub, through one side of which the water passed. The whole machinery was set in a small rickety frame, without weather-boarding. The corn dropped, a grain at a time, from the little hopper; so that perhaps in 24 hours, at a good stage of water, 8 bushels might be "*cracked.*"—I remember carrying a half a bushel of corn from my brother's, at Newville, to this mill, a distance of four miles, on my shoulder,—waiting a half a day to get it ground, and then carrying the meal back in the same way. Among the humorous tales told of this mill, the following will do to repeat. My brother James, in the fall of 1837, took a bushel of corn to be ground, and, after it had been grinding some time, went below to see how much meal was in the little store box, used for a meal chest, and, to his dismay, found a large yellow dog, eating the meal as fast as it came from the spout!

The first election in the county, was held in July, 1837. The settlers on the river, and its vicinity, all voted at the house of Washington Robinson Esq., at Vienna, or Newville, as it is now called. Three county commissioners, two associate Judges, and a Clerk and Recorder were to be elected;—and perhaps some other officers.

On counting out the votes, a ticket came up that sorely puzzled the Judges, as to whether it should be counted or not. So much of it, as I can remember ran thus:

For commissioners
I'll tell you sirs;—
The old Major—
Or Johnny Blair;
William Roger
And Peter Fair.
For Clerk, and Recorder too,
John F. Coburn, sure will do;—
Arial Walden for a Judge,
And James Bowman for a drudge.

Much merriment was had over this ticket. The office of drudge was supposed to be intended to accommodate the court with whiskey; as some Judges, at that early day, took their drams. It was not then known who put in this ticket; but it has been supposed that it was one who has since filled the office of Judge himself. Who brought *his* liquor, the records say not. The gentleman voted for, to fill the last office mentioned on the ticket, was not elected, and, if I mistake not, still lives in Newville Township, in better business.

Samuel Widney, Peter Fair and A. F. Beecher, were elected county Commissioners; Arial Walden and Thomas L. Yates, Judges of the court, and John F. Coburn, Clerk and Recorder.

John P. Widney, carried the returns of this election to Auburn, (as Wesley Park' cabin, and perhaps one or two others, were then called,) and I accompanied him. We went on foot, and followed an Indian trail, (as there was no road,) wading all the swamps on the route. On returning, not being a very good Indian, I gave out, so as to hardly be able to drag my weary limbs home. This was my first and last experiment in carrying election returns.

Mr. Yates, one of the Judges elected, was rather an odd genius of a backwoodsman. When he was elected, he dryly remarked that they were using up the buckeye timber first, and reserving that of a superior quality. This, however, was only his *opinion*, and, as he had not yet taken his seat on the bench, it did not amount to *law*.

It is said that when called to his seat beside the president Judge, Hon. Charles Ewing, he was dressed in his coarse hunting shirt, and fox skin cap; and seemed

much embarrassed in his new position. No doubt he would have felt more at home with his rifle on his shoulder, after a good fat "buck." He made a good Judge however, as did his associate, Judge Walden.

We would feel that we were derelict to duty, not to mention a few more of the early settlers along the river. As for instance, Solomon DeLong and Daniel Strong, of Newville, who have each filled the office of County Commissioners; H. Fusselman, one of the first Justies of Stafford; Christian and Samuel Wannemaker, who have also filled offices in the same township; Lott Herrick, of Concord, the first probate Judge of the county; Joseph E. Sawtell, the bland and polite salesman, who was, no doubt, the second man to sell goods along the river, and in the county; Rev. N. L. Thomas, the first one to open store in Newville; Geo. Barney Esq., one of the first Justices for Concord, and who still fills that office; James Hadsell, one of the earliest and most useful pioneers of Concord, who has filled several responsible offices; Cornelius Woodcox one of the first supervisors for DeKalb township, when it embraced three congressional townships, and but two road districts; and *especially* Hon. R. J. Dawson, who has since filled so prominent a place in public affairs.—But space would fail us to speak of all, so we must close the list, though many respected pioneers are still unmentioned

I remember clear away back beyond "the flood," shall I tell you something about that memorable event? Well I will. Many of the first settler along the river built their cabins on the bottoms. on account of the rich deep soil, so inviting for corn and potatoes. Now it happened that St. Jo., notwithstanding his saintship, had a naughty trick of "*getting high*" occasionally, and, on such occasions, took a regular "*spree;*"—transcending all the bounds of propriety, and scattering and destroying things in general It was in the winter of 1838, about the first of January, when we were dwelling securely in the neighborhood of this mild looking saint, that he unexpectedly "*imbibed*" too largely, *got high*, and advanced upon us, raging and foaming terribly, without any provocation whatever. But, lest we should be guilty of what Dr. Clark calls making a figure go "*all fours,*" we will drop it and say that the river rose until it overflowed it's banks, and surrounded the house. This alarmed us some, but it seemed to be nearly at a stand, and we hoped it would soon retreat. But instead of falling, it continued to rise, until the loose floor began to float. We then raised the floor about six inches, being sure that the water would rise no more. We were doomed however to be again disappointed. The water still rose. Being mid-winter we had all our fire wood to "*boat*" in, with the canoe, which we kept cabled at the cabin, and we managed still to keep a fire above the water. The night afte raising the floor, we retired to rest, and the next morning found the floor all afloat again. So we concluded to embark for safer quarters. Running the canoe into the door, we took the passengers from the bed, and packing every thing that the water could injure above its reach, we crossed the raging river, to sojourn with friends till "after the flood." The water rose until it was two and a half feet deep in the cabin, and then began to subside. Just then a severe freeze set in, leaving the entire bottoms covered with a sheet of thick ice. When the river got within its banks again, we returned, threw out the ice, and again took up our residence in the cabin. Other settlers, besides us suffered from this saintly freak, but we have not the particulars.

CHAPTER IV.

Conundrum—Navigating the desert with a pocket compass—A forced fast—Lodgings not reckoned in the bill—A "backwoods" boat—"Disappointment laughs at hopes career—Unexpected lodgings—"Gunpowder" tea and bills presented—A bridal tour—Going down to Egypt for corn—Room for lodgers—All well except 14—Sufferings of Mr. Osborn—Getting lost—Family mills—Primitive school houses—A rascally parody on Thompson.

Conundrum.—Why is the writer of these sketches, like the High Priest, the captain of the temple, and the chief priests mentioned, Acts 5-24? Because he has to do with Peter and John, Eh! No, you have missed it certainly. Do you give up? Well, it is because he "doubts whereunto this thing will grow." We thought our last chapter would close the account with the river settlements, but we have some "yarns" that we wish still to weave into the web of our story, as they are too interesting to be lost.

We have learned, since writing our last chapter, that Colin Robinson and his brother, Henry, came to their half brothers, (Mr. Gavin Hamiltons,) on the Maumee, near Brunersburg, in the year, 1833, and that soon after their arrival, they went up the Maumee, to where William Rogers *then* lived, a little below where the village of Antwerp now stands; and from thence struck across the woods, by means of a pocket compass, some fifteen or twenty miles, through the unbroken forest, to the St. Joseph river. When in the midst of the wilderness, they lost their needle from their compass, and had to hunt a considerable time among the leaves before they found it. Following the direction pointed out by the slender finger of their magnetic guide, about dark they struck the bluff of the St. Jo., about where Henry Robinson, now lives, and from thence made their way, amid the gathering shades of evening, down the river, more than a mile, to within a few rods of where the cabin afterwards stood, spoken of in the Indian story, and in that of "the flood" in our last chapter.

Mr. Lytle then lived in a cabin over the river, and about forty rods back from it, and their object was to get over for supper and lodgings, as they had ate nothing since early breakfast. It was the 24th of December, and, when they reached the river, they found it frozen in, about one fourth of the breadth of the river, and no way of crossing; so they were under the necessity of camping for the night. A huge Walnut, perhaps six feet in diameter, had been cut down probably by the Indians, and still lay with one end on the stump, at the time of "the flood," four years after the time of which we are now speaking. Under this Walnut they took lodging for the night, having first struck up a fire. The night was passed very uncomfortably, in acute suffering from cold and hunger. The next morning, (Christmas 1833,) they cut down a dry stump of a tree, (for they had their axes with them,) which broke in its fall. Tying the two parts together, side by side, with bass wood bark, they launched it, breaking the ice at the margin and on it crossed the river with their imaginations filled with visions of a plentiful warm breakfast. On arriving at Mr. Lytle's, they found no one at home but the children, and nothing to eat but a rabbit; and, while they were cooking this, a cat ran away with half of it. The Messrs Robinsons, had intended to enter land and make "a begining" on it, but they found provisions so scarce that they returned the next day, and, in the following spring, Mr. Colin Robinson entered the excellent

tract of land on which he now resides, just across the river from Orangeville, in Concord Township. He did not settle on it however, for three years afterwards.

It was perhaps in the summer of 1834 or 5, that John Platter and Solomon De Long, crossed the same wilderness, and, getting bewildered in the midst of it, almost famished, for want of water, and had to camp for the night. With their axes and hands. they dug a hole in a prickly ash swamp, and found water, but it tasted so much like the decoction of gunpowder, that they could scarcely drink it, though suffering with thirst. The early settlers will bear me witness that musquitoes in the summer, were no scarce article in that day of general scarcity.—In fact they were as plenty as we can imagine *flies* to have been, in the 4th Egyptian plague. You could not stop two minutes, in the woods, without having them, by myriads singing their unpleasant song with treble voices about your ears, or poking into you their tormenting bills, *almost* as much to be dreaded as the Doctor bills of the early day. Well, to protect themselves against these impudent serenaders, and to get rid of their presentations of their numberless *bills* put in the form of pressingduns, not for money, but for *blood*,—these unwilling lodgers of wilderness cut bushes, then covered with green leaves, and covered themselves deeply in these, until the musquitoes were utterly at a loss to know how to get at them ; and thus they passed the night.

In the winter of 1836-7, in the month of January, the above named Mr. Colin Robinson, having lately married a wife, set out on a *bridal* (or *bridle* as you please) tour from the Maumee, to the cabin built on his land on the St. Jo.—she on horse back, and he on foot. Coming to the *Mer-del-arm*, a considerable creek between the rivers,—running through broad cotton-wood swamps—he found it swollen by recent rains and melted snow, until it spread over the swamps, about a mile on each side. Through this wide-spread water, he waded along the narrow trace, sometimes waist deep, and she followed on her horse. Coming to the main channel of the creek, he found it covered with thick ice, raised up several feet by the swollen-waters,—so that the ice was nearly on a level with the horses breast, as he waded up to it. Here Mr. Robison got his wife off the horse, on a stump ; and prevailed on the horese to jump on the ice—walk over it, and then jump down on the other side of the channel. He then, by means of a pole placed from the stump to the ice, got Mrs. R. on the ice, and, from the ice on the other side, on her saddle again, wading out as he had waded in.

The next summer, Mr. Robinson and his brother went down the St. Joseph to Fort Wayne, and then down the Maumee, to near where Defiance now is, for seed wheat, and corn to get ground. They performed the voyage in a considerable sized perogue. Loading it with sixty bushels of grain, they started back—Had some difficulty in getting along, being both raw hands at "Peroguing," but succeeded tolerably well until they reached "*Buhl rapids*," near the State line, about eight-teen miles below Fort Wayne. Here the wind ruffling the surface, they could not see bottom, and ran on the rocks, and stuck fast. Getting out into the water, they shoved the perogue over the rocks, and up the "rapids;" wading sometimes in water to the waist. Getting aboard, they got along tolerably, till they reached "Cole's dam," about where Wines' mill now is, one mile below Fort Wayne. Here they had to unload, and carry the grain on their shoulders, up a steep bank about thirty feet high,—go more than a half

mile after a rope, and, tying this to the bow of the boat, pull it it over the dam,—coming very near sinking it in the operation. They then re-loaded, and were overtaken by darkness at the mouth of the St. Jo. From this to John's mill they had much difficulty in getting along in the darkness and shallow water. Getting to the mill, they unloaded that part of the grain intended to be ground, and took their lodgings for the night, on the bare ground, with no covering but the blue sky. In fact during the entire route, they had the same bed and covering every night. From John's mill, the rest of the way home, they had to get out at nearly every ripple, and push the boat up ; and sometimes it was necessary to unload and re-load, laying the bags on the large rocks in the ripples, until they got the boat over. Soon after his return, Mr. C. Robinson was prostrated with a severe attack of the pleurisy, brought on by exposure.

We spoke, just now, of "Doctor bills" as compared with "musquito bills."—That you may have some idea of the force of the comparisio , we will give one instance of the sickness of the early settlement.

Mr. Isaac Meeks, now of Union mills —La Grange county, is my informant. "I came into the Coburn settlement, Concord Township," says he, "soon after Mr. Asher Coburn, (who was the first settler,) and built a cabin four-teen feet square, and moved therein. Sometime after this Mr. Ebenizer Coburn and John H. Coburn, the one my father-in-law, moved into the settlement, and I offered them both the hospitalities of my cabin. We were now four-teen in number, in a cabin four-teen feet square, and one story high. In a little while, every one of us took down sick, and we had to swing up beds to the sides of the cabin, one above the other, to accomodate all the sick. I was sick four or five weeks, and the rest mostly as many months!"

We spoke in our last chapter, of the difficulties and hardships of the settlers, in getting to mill and market. We will now give another instance, exceeding in painful interest any yet mentioned. The sufferer was a resident of Hicksville, just over the State line, in Ohio; but the scene of his suffering was in this county; hence we will relate the circumstances, so far as memory may not prove treacherous.

It was in the winter of 1837-8 that Mr. Osburn started from where Hicksville had just been laid out, with an ox team, to go to mill at Fort Wayne. Returning on the east side of the St. Jo. river, he was overtaken by night above where Leo now is. Having had to wade into the creeks, and break ice before his oxen, his cloths were wet, and it was freezing severely. Onward, however, he made his way, through the snow and darkness, on a stormy winter night, until he began to feel that he was freezing. Leaving his slow team in the road, he then started, hoping to reach Mr. Brants, (across the river from where Spencerville now is,) but soon found his legs becoming so stiff that he could no longer walk. Knowing that his life was at stake, he then *crawled on his hands and knees* about a mile, until he found that his strength was too far gone to proceed in this way. He now commenced crying for help, and Mr. Brants' dog, hearing his voice, commenced barking, and some of the family going out to see what was the matter, were led by the dog to the poor sufferer, about a mile off, and he was borne into house. Both his legs, however, had to be amputated just below the knees. He remained several days at Mr. Brants, and was drawn home on his sled.

As mills were so scarce and distant, the pioneers had to tax their inventive

powers to provide a substitute. So, in process of time, nearly every settler had a family hand-mill, made according to the following receipt, viz: Take a sound log of some hard wood, such as beech or sugar, about twenty inches in diameter.—Saw it off, about three feet in length. Set on end, and, with an inch auger, commence boring down, diagonally, into the upper end, from near the circumference to the center of the log, and continue until you have surrounded the end of the log with auger holes meeting in the center. Take a chisel and cut down between the holes until you get the block loose, that has thus been bored under, and it comes out in the form of an inverted cone. Trim out the funnel-shaped hole thus left with the chisel as well as you can, and then to make entirely smooth and to harden it, build a fire of coals therein.—When sufficiently burned for the purpose mentioned, take out the fire and scrape the coals off as cleanly as possible, and you have a large mortar. Now take a stick about as thick as your wrist, and two and a half feet long, and splitting one end, insert an iron wedge with its edge in the split. Put on an iron ring and drive it over the iron wedge, so as to hold it fast. Trim off the stick small enough to handle conveniently and you have a pestle. Now you may put a little corn in your mortar, and beat it with your pestle as fine as you can. Sift out the finest, and you have corn meal. Blow the bran out of the ballance, and you have "*hominy.*"

It is much to the credit of the pioneers of our county, that amidst all the difficulties of the early settlements, they did not neglect the education of their children. I know settlements in the south part of of this State, that had existed twenty years, without a school house. Not so in this county. No sooner had a few settlers got their cabins raised and fixed so that they could live in them, they raised their school house—rough and uncomfortable it is true, but on an equality with their residences. They were of round logs, with clapboard roofs, chamber floor and door also of clapboards. Ground floor of puncheon; benches of the same or, rather, generally of small logs split in two, and turned with the flat side up, and with rough wooden pins driven into auger holes for "legs"—chimney of sticks and mud built as described in a former chapter, but generally larger than the chimneys of private residences, so that twenty or twenty-five children might surround it in a semi-circle, while a burning "log heap" flamed on the hearth in the winter, or to get light from its ample throat in the summer.

The windows generally were made by cutting out a log nearly the whole length of the house, leaving a hole—say a foot wide, and eight-teen or twenty feet long. Into this a long sash was inserted, consisting of single panes, joined together horizontally, until the long hole was filled. In some cases that came under my notice, however, this long hole was filled with a kind of lattice work of sticks, and upon this *greased paper* was pasted to transmit the light. Under this long window, large holes we bored unto the log, rough wooden pins driven into these holes, and an unplaned plank laid on these pins. This was the writing desk. The wirters sat on a long legged bench, placing this plank on the window, and if they were many, they prevented the light of the window, especially on a cloudy day, from reaching many schollars, sitting back from it, but on such occasions they drew near to the huge tunnel of the chimney and were *enlightened.*

In just such school houses, I taught several schools in an early day, and experienced the thruth of Thompson's couplet.

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
And teach the young idea *how to shoot*."

Will you allow me to enliven this prosy chapter with another anecdote?

Well, a New York dandy better acquainted with books and pavements than with "backwoods" life or character, concluded to visit the west and see "*the natives.*" As he was riding along on a cold day in the winter, when sleighing was good in his fine sleigh, warpped up in his "*buffalo,*" with his great coat on, his fur cap tied down over his ears, and his fur gloves up to his elbows—he passed one of these frontier school houses. It was "recsss," and teacher and some of the "*bigger*" boys were out at the side of the school house knocking some squirrels off a tall hickory tree with a rifle. The dandy reined up his horse a few minuts, and as he saw the squirrels drop one after another, perpetrated the following parody on the above oft quoted couplet of Thompson:

"Delightful task! to rear the tender thought,
And teach *the youthful Indians how to shoot.*"

The rascal! It was well for him I was not there to hear him.

CHAPTER V.

Wesley Park's narrative—Leaves Ohio on a tour West—Visits Lima and South Bend—Returns to Fish Creek—Enters land—Returns to Ohio—Brings a drove &c. to Indiana—Sells out—Journey to the center of DeKalb—John P. Howe—A cold water bath—Cold applications continued—Hunting a County Seat in the woods—A County Seat found—Hotel erected—Road cutting and milk diet—Hotel crowded—Laid on the shalf—Bed room plenty—"Go aheaditiveness"—An improved cabin—New arrivals make that cabin—Home—County organized—Court house—Jail—Church &c—Putting them "up the ladder"—A "boozy" Judge—A Court in a bad fix—"Calms down"—Trying times—The last ones saved—Wesley White—Wm. Palmer—"Pizen pizen"—Indian manners and customs—Better times—First session of County Commissioners—Second session—First Jury.

Before proceeding with the Townships in succession, we will give a brief history of the organization of the County, and of the location and settlement of the County Seat—the goodly town of Auburn. In this part of our duty, as chronicler, we are happy to be able to give the reader the narrative of Mr. Wesley Park, who laid out the town; and who, after filling many offices in the County, is still among us, in the full prime of life and usefullness—respected by all.

Wesley Park's Narrative.

"In the fall of 1835, George Stone, Hiram Johnson and myself, left Licking county, Ohio, in a two horse buggy, to seek a home, in what was then called "*the west.*" We went by way of Columbus, Sandusky, Maumee, Defiance, Fish creek and Lima, to South Bend. We then returned to Lima, where Johnson and Stone settled, and started a tannery. I returned to Fish creek, and entered land joining John Holton's. I then returned to Ohio, and staid till February, 1836.—Started to Indiana, then, with a drove of cattle, and a load of dried fruits. Got to Lima, sold out and started in company with John B. Howe, Esq., to the center of the New county, afterwards called DeKalb, to locate a site for a County Seat. We got to Pigeon river, and the canoe upsetting, I swam over the stream. Howe came over in the canoe, swiming his horse along side. Staid all night at Glover's. Started in the morning on our journey, and that night reached section 13, Town. 34, Range 13, (Union Township,) and lay

out in the woods. The snow was four inches deep. We kindled a fire, and I peeled bark to lie down on, but Howe being tired, or lazy, or both, lay down on the snow. In the morning he had melted his whole length in the snow, and was wet—but I was dry. I lay all night with my rifle at my side, to be prepared for the wolves that howled around continually. After hunting a day for the best site, decided on the piece of land where Auburn now is. Entered the land, and laid out the town. I then put up a shanty ten by twelve feet, and cut a road through to Pleasant Lake, brought through a cart load of goods, with a yoke of oxen and a milk cow. Afterwards, Joseph Miller and I started from Wm. Miller's (where Mr. Ditmer now lives,)—I with my cart and oxen, and he with me to help cut the road. (The road spoken of in a former chapter as being cut through from Blair's mill, afterwards Shryock's, being nothing but a trace with the logs still in, and too narrow for a cart, as we shall notice hereafter). "My object was to get through, by way of Blair's mill, to Fort Wayne for a load of Provisions. It was afternoon before we started, and night overtook us near the little creek that crosses the Fort Wayne road beyond the county poor house. We had no provisions along, as we expected to get through to Blair's. The cow, however, that I brought through from Pleasant Lake, being used to following the team, was, fortunately with us, and I milked her and told Miller, that milk was good enough for me. Miller, did'nt like to drink the new milk, but there was no alternative, so he took a good draught. It did not lie well on his stomach, and he soon threw it up. The next morning, after lying out through the night, we cut through to the mill, and I went on to Fort Wayne, and Miller returned to get his breakfast; no doubt with a good appetite. Getting back with my provisions, I set up tavern in my shanty. I did my own cooking, and was crowded with travelers and landhunters, who came to have me show them land to enter. One night I kept fif-teen men, who very nearly filled my hotel. Some lay on a shelf, and the rest on the ground under it; so there was plenty of bed-room. After eating up the first load of provisions, I went to Fort Wayne for another. On my return, Little cedar was so high, that I had to swim my oxen, and carry the load and cart by pieces over the creek on a log;—as I had adopted as my motto "go ahead." Got back again to the hotel. Kept travelers, showed land, and erected a cabin 18 by 20 feet, 1½ stories high, with a roof of rafters and clapboards. It stood on the lot where Hiram Griswold now lives, close to the saw mill. I then returned to Ohio, and brought out my wife Sophia, and my son Amos, then a child. Lancelet Ingman and family, also came with me. We all arrived at Auburn, on the 6th day of August, 1836. We laid down a few puncheons, and went to housekeeping. A few days work completed our cabin. In the winter of 1836, the act passed the Legislature to organize DeKalb County. Littlefield, of LaGrange; Gilmore, of Steuben, and Robert Work, of Allen, were appointed Commissioners to locate the County Seat. I was appointed by the governor sheriff of the new county, with authority to appoint the place for the elections, in the few precincts in the county, and to receive and forward the returns. The result of the election has already been stated in the "Pioneer Sketches." After the organization of the county, my house served as Court house—Jail—Hotel—Church—Cookingroom—Sleeping apartment, &c., &c. As sheriff appointed, and afterwards elected. I had no jail

but the upper chamber of my cabin. I used to put prisoners up, and then take away the ladder, and tell them to stay there; and they always did so. The lower chamber was the court house. During the sitting of court, it had to suspend until dinner was cooked. This gave the judge time for a nap, which was very desireable, as he was generally fatigued, and sometimes rather "*boozy*." Charles Ewing, was the president Judge. He was brother to the celebrated fur traders, W. G. & G. W Ewing. Judge Yates, has been spoken of as an odd genius of a backwoodsman. One day he got "*tight*," and senteneed Jo. Bashford, to receive a whipping, and swore that he was the court, and had passed sentence, he would inflict the penalty. As the Judge was making towards the criminal, with this avowed intention, I seized him, and giving him a whirl, told him plainly that if the court persisted in inflicting the penalty threatened, the sheriff would put the court "*up the ladder*." Upon this, the court acknowled the authority of the sheriff, and adjourned peaceably.

Will you allow me now to go back to the winter of 1836-7, and relate some incident of that hard winter? There were now about thirty families in the county, and many of them sufferered severely; having to bring all their provisions from Fort Wayne, or the Northern prairies, with scarcely any thing that could be called roads. At one time our corn cost $3 per bushel! I saw teams that had to travel 75 miles for provisions. I never drove more than 60 miles for corn, beyond Fort Wayne up the St. Mary river. It was a trying time for me and my wife, but she was always cheerful. I took the rheumatism and lay several weeks. In December the snow fell two feet deep. Emigrants were still coming in. A man, woman and child left Pleasant Lake, with a wagon and yoke of cattle, to go ten miles south of Auburn. One of their oxen mired down, near where Isaac B. Smith now lives, in Smithfield Township, eight miles north of Auburn. There was then no house between Steubenville and Auburn. The mired ox died, and they turned the other loose, and started for Auburn afoot, carrying the child. The waters were then high, and they had to wade the small streams. About nine o'clock at night, they reached our cabin, with their clothes frozen above their waists. We gave them dry clothes, and a warm supper, and kept them till the roads were broken. A few minutes after the arrival of these sufferers, a traveler came in, and told us that a man and boy were out in the trail about six miles, in a suffering condition; not being able to strike fire, and the man so frozen as to be unable to travel. On receiving this information, Wesley White and Wm. Palmer, got up the pony, and started for the sufferers.—They found the man on section 9, Town. 34, Range 13. (We always counted by sections as the trail was very crooked.)—They got him on the pony, and brought him in, about midnight, frozen to the knees; yet he contended that he was not cold. We got his feet and legs into a tub of spring water, and thus drew out the frost. But the boy must yet be saved. The old man offered us *fifty cents (!)* to bring him in, which led me to administer to him a severe reproof. I told him if the boy was not worth more than fifty cents, he was not worth bringing in. He was then ten miles out, in snow two feet deep, among swamps, filled with water, and swollen streams. No money, however, was needed to induce us to go to his rescue. He had kept traveling, and was thus saved from freezing. They proved to be Mr. Graden and son, of Noble county. They had left home in pur-

pen of poles ever the grave. Sometimes they cut down a tree, split off a piece from the top of the log—dug out a trough—put in the body, and then covered it up closely with poles. They burnt the leaves around these burying places every fall, to keep the fire in the woods from getting to them. They disliked very much to have their dead interfered with, yet it was done, by unprincipled whites. It was not uncommon to see their graves opened, the bones scattered around, and the skull of an Indian set out on the log in full sight.

The spring of 1837, was very gladly hailed by the settlers, after stemming the storms and suffering the privations of a hard winter. During this season, settlers began to come in more plentifully, and several cabins went up in Auburn. I had given one third of the lots to the county; receiving no compensation but the assurance that it would be permanently the county seat. In most cases too, I gave a lot to every settler building thereon. This year, (1837,) I and Mr. Ogden built the saw mill. The town continued steadily to improve, and has been blest with good inhabitants, with but few exceptions. Much of the land in the county was taken up by speulators. This hindered its settlement to a considerable degree for some years. The crash of banks, in 1837 and 8, was severely felt, and many suffered for want of food and raiment. 1836 and 7, were healthy seasons. 1838, was more sickly—1839 still more so, and from that time till 1850, there was more or less of billious complaints every season. Since 1850, both town and country has been generally healthy."

Thus ends for the present, the narrative of Mr. Park; but we are promised a few more notes, especialy concerning the early efforts of "*Black legs*," to get suit of cattle. The snow commenced falling and they traveled on through Fairfield, and until they struck the trace, and knew not which way to turn. They were well provided for at our cabin, and in a few weeks, were able to return home.

Wesley White, who was so active in the above rescue, was a good man. He had came down from Lima to stake out some lots. He afterwards went to Sparta in Noble county. He was deputy clerk for Isaac Spencer, and afterwards clerk of Noble county. After thus saving the life of others, he was drowned in Elkhart river, west of Albion. Wm. Palmer was a rather mischievous old bachelor, and loved to play pranks on the Indians; who used to annoy us considerably—though they furnished us with venisen, Bear meat, Turkeys, Cranberries, &c.—for money, or such things as we had to exchange. They were honest, and some of them religious, before the whites gave them "fire water," and stole their ponies and blankets. They used frequently to apply to me to take away 'bad Indian,' when any of their number misbehaved. After the whites had created in them the unnatural appetite, they were very fond of whiskey. One day a poor squaw came to my house, and begged hard for whiskey. Palmer took the pepper-sauce bottle, and handed her. She took a very hearty drink, but, as soon as she took the bottle from her lips, she began to spit, sputter, slaver and hollow "*pizen pizen*," while Bill Palmer, rolled, and laughed to his hearts content. After her sufferings were over, I and my good Sophia, took a little laugh at her, and she never troubled us again.

The Potawattomies and Miamies were the principal tribes in DeKalb. Their manner of burying the dead was, to dig a grave 18 inches deep, put in the dead, cover with leaves, and then build a tight

a foot hold in this county, while he was sheriff.

The first board of County Commissioners met in the same month in which they were elected, namely July 1837, and appointed the following county officers, viz: Clerk pro. tem, Wesley Park; Treasurer, Wesley Park; County agent, Byron Baunel; County Assessor, John Blair; Co. Collector, Ingman; Co. Road Commissioner, Samuel Eakright; Co. Surveyor, Joseph Miller; Co. Commissioner of the 3 per cent. fund, R. R. Lowusbury.

At this session, the board allowed Wesley Park $50,84, for the following list of services, viz: For services as sheriff until this session; for services as commissioner, in running out the Fort Wayne and Cold Water State road, and also the Goshen and Defiance State road. How would officers, now-a-days, like to do so many, and so laborious services, for so little pay?

The commissioners, to lay out the Fort Wayne and Cold Water road, were W. Park, G. Gilmore and —— Murray.—Those to lay out the Goshen and Defiance were, Park and Hostetter. The later resided on the Haw Patch, in Noble Co., and never came to view the road. Park went on alone, and got the next legislature to legalize his act. The chain carriers on the last mentioned road, were, Henry Feigler and John Miller. Joseph Miller surveyed both roads.

At this first session, the board organized Franklin township, then embracing Troy; and, at the September session Union township embracing Jackson, Richland, Fairfield and Smithfield. W. Park was appointed supervisor of the whole 5 Congressional townships, with authority to work all the hands. Wonder how he would like to be supervisor of all this district now? At this fall session, Butler and Wilmington townships were also organized; leaving DeKalb still to embrace Concord, Newville and Stafford. The name was changed to Concord, in March, 1838.

At this session also, the Jurors were selected by the commissioners, for the first circuit court. (viz. the spring term 1837.) Here are the names thus selected.

GRAND JURORS.

1, John Rose; 2, Dan'l Rhodes; 3, Wm. Miller; 4, John Watson; 5, Ira Allen; 6, Jacob Plattern; 7, Cor'us Woodcox; 8, John Smith; 9, Benj. Alton; 10, John Holton; 11, Solomon Showers; 12, Henry Miller; 13, Colin Robinson; 14, John Blair; 15, Nathan Wyatt; 16, James Stanley; 17, John F. Rhodes; 18, Sam'l Eakright.

PETTIT JURORS.

1, Wm. Monroe; 2, Jesse Jackson; 3, John P. Widney; 4, Francis A. Wilbur; 5. Jeremiah Rhodes; 6, Sam'l Johnson; 7, Wm. Mathews; 8, Dudley Thorp; 9, James Hadsell; 10, Ezra Dickinson; 11, J. J. Gunsenhouser; 12, Henry Robinson; 13, Homer Abel; 14, Leonard Boice; 15, Elmore French; 16, Peter Draggoo; 17, Joseph Miller; 18, Joseph Vandoler; 19, Henry Bricker; 20, Levi Lockwood; 21, S. M. Hackley; 22, Jacob Miller; 23, Sam'l Headley; 24, Chris. Hall.

CHAPTER VI.

A few items more about the County in general—Townships resumed—Jackson—Not first rate—Swamps and clay—First settlers—"Backwoods" sled—Other settlers on Cedar creek—Settlers in the South East corner—Settlers along the east side—Around the center—A painful incident—The Tornado—Present condition of Jackson Township.

In our last chapter, we closed by giving the names of the jury impanneled for the first court held in the county, in the spring of 1838. We will now give the names of the jurors for the second court, viz, the fall term for 1838. We give them, because the juries impanneled for these two courts embrace nearly all the first settlers, who were eligole, and, in this way, we can present you a more complete ist of pioneers than we could collect by other means.

Grand jury for the fall term of 1838.

1. Daniel Strong; 2. Daniel Moody; 3. Andrew Surface; 4. Sam'l Henderson; 5. Daniel Webber; 6. Joseph Stroup; 7. Charles D. Handy; 8. Peter Boyer; 9. Wm. Rogers; 10. John Clemmer; 11. George DeLong; 12. Jacob Weirick; 13. Peter Day; 14. R R. Lounsbery; 15. Kneeland Abbott; 16. John Webster; 17. Luther Keep; 18. Asher W. Coburn.

Pettit Jury.

1. Michael Boyer; 2. Wm. Means; 3. Alonzo Hill; 4. Eli Welch; 5. Roger Aldrich; 6. Hector Blake; 7. Frazer Bartlett; 8. George W. Weeks; 9. David Knight; 10. John Miller; 11. Henry Dove; 12. George Babcock; 13. Robert Work; 14. Samuel Tarney; 15. Lo B. Coe; 16. Solomon Woodcox; 17. J. Means; 18. Wm. Day; 19. Hazzard Webster; 20. Michael Knight; 21. Lavinus Abel; 22. Joshua Faigler; 23 Willis Bishop; 24. David Butler.

We have mentioned the locating of the first roads run out through Auburn;—one north and south, and the other east and west. We will now mention a few more of the first roads in the county, and the commissioners who located them.

State road from Auburn to Fort Wayne by way of Vandoler's mill; commissioners, T. L. Yates and Benjamin Miller.

State road from Angola to Ft. Wayne, west of Auburn; commissioners, Dan'l Moody, Solomon Showers and Henry Miller

Road on the south west side of Fish creek; Simon Aldrich, Peter Boyer and Roger Aldrich.

The road on the north-west side of the St. Joseph river had been run out at an early day, by commissioners, whose names I do not now know; Reuben J. Dawson, being the surveyor;—but it was afterwards reviewed, and straightened by John Blair, John Webster and Hector Blake.

Road from Enterprize to Union town; Daniel Kepler, Michael Boyer and John Farlee, commissioners.

At the May session 1838, of the County Commissioners, the following appropriations were made from the three per cent. fund for the roads mentioned below viz:

Goshen and Defiance road, $800,00; Fort Wayne and Coldwater, $800,00; St. Joseph State road, $400,00. On the 6th of March, 1839, the county board appointed T. J. Freeman, Wesley Park, and Nelson Payne, commissioners to build a jail; and, in April, 1840, they appointed the same persons commissioners to build a court house. When we come to write particularly of Union Township, we will give some more items in reference to the growth of Auburn, first business men &c. For the present we will resume the plan proposed at the outset, of taking each township seperately.

Jackson Township,

Lying in the same tier of Townships, east and west, with Newville and Concord, and joining the latter;—will first claim our attention, not from priority of settlement, but from its location. This is a full congressional township, and, of course, six miles square. Taken as a whole, in point of natural advantages, it is inferior perhaps to most of the other townships,

though there are *parts* of it fully equal to any other portoins of the county. There is much swampy land in it, and a consid. erable amount of heavy clay soil. The swamps, however, are about all susceptible of being drained, and, when ditched, will make the best of grass or corn land; and the clay lands are very good for grass, and, when properly tilled, for wheat and rye. Ceder creek runs across the north west corner of the township, and the two branches of Bear creek, rise in it, but are not living streams, in very dry weather, until after they cross the township line.

The first settler in the township, so far as I know, was Wm. Miller, who moved in, in the spring of '36. We have mentioned that he and his son Joseph Miller, cut the first wagon track from the river settlements through to Cedar creek, below Auburn. This road crossed Jackson Township, from its east line, very nearly to the west one. I mentioned also, in the same connection, the cutting of a road from Shryock's (or as it was then called Blair's) mill. I am now informed, by Joseph Miller himself, that this was but a narrow track, with the logs still remaining in it, and that the articles brought through on it, were hauled by means of a yoke of cattle, and a "backwoods" sled, made in the following manner. A sapling was cut, having a fork at the top, consisting of two stout limbs, which were left several feet long. These limbs constituted the "runners" of the sled; and the body of the sapling, passing through the ring on the ox yoke, formed the tongue. On these uncouth runners a kind of box was fixed, on which the articles to be drawn were placed. This sled posessed a double advantage over more civilized vehicles. 1st, Being narrow before, where the limbs united, and gradually widening backwards, it could "nose" its way through the bushes, gradually bending down, and over-riding those that were not *too* stubborn; and 2nd, it easily slipped over any logs that the oxen could surmount. The narrow track, cut for the passage of this "*lizzard*" alligator, or whatever else you may chose to call it, was widened, and the logs cut out, by Park and Miller, for the passage of a cart, as mentioned in our last chapter.

Other early settlers, in the north west part of the Township, were, T. L. Yates, who had sold his land on the river, and settled where Alonzo Lockwood now lives. Leonard Boice and Adam Hartle, who occupied the tract of land now owned by Henry Feigler and said Hartle.—The Phillips family, Benjamin Miller, and the above mentioned Alonzo Lockwood.

In the south east corner, were James Steward, Samuel Henderson, John Moody and his brother David, Wm. Watson, senr., John Watson, senr., and their families; Nathan Wyatt and his sons, then forming three families; Jacob Mowrert (afterwards Justice of the peace,) and Willis Bishop. Farther north, on the east side of the Township, were Wm. Means, (the first Justice elected in the Township.) and his son James, now a Township trustee; Sam'l Tarney, who filled several offices in the Township; Henry Dove, Abram and Amarih Johnson, Wm. R. Moore, Wm. McClure, Wm. Squires, Wm. and Mathew George, Henry Brown, Esq., Sam'l Guisinger, and Nelson Griffith. Around the center of the Township, the first settlers were Mr. Essig, Joseph Walters and Wm. McNabb, Mr. Walters, has served several years as County Commissioner, and Mr. McNabb in Township offices.

The untimely death of two young men —brothers—the sons of Esquire Means, was a distressing incident in the early settlement of this Township. They were at work together in the clearing, and one of

them came to the well at the house for a drink, and accidentally losing the bucket in the well, he went down to get it.—There were damps in the well, and he fell senseless into the water. The women raised the alarm, and the other young man hastened to the well, and, perhaps not understanding the matter, went down to try to rescue his brother, and fell senseless with him. Before they could be drawn out, life was entirely extinct.

The "hurricane" was another remarkable event of those early times. I think it occured in the summer or fall of 1841. A dark cloud arose seeming to threaten a heavy shower, but soon the rapid motion and, wild confusion of the clouds betokened the approach of a wind storm.—It struck the forest about where the western line of the farm of Joseph Woolsey, deceased now is; and, from thence, leveled the timber, with scarce any exception. William and Mathew George, Henry Brown, Nelson Griffith, and perhaps one or two other men, were working on the road, west of where Mr. Karper now lives, and about 80 rods from the residance of Henry Brown. The cabin of Mr. Karper had been raised, but he had not yet moved in. The men, seeing the storm coming, and the air darkened with the limbs of trees which the wind was carrying towards them, and hearing the continual roar of falling timber, ran with all their speed to the house of Mr. Brown where his children and a daughter of Wm. Monroe were, and rushing in, they seized the children, and carried them into the open field; and, at once, the storm was upon them. They had to hold by stumps to keep from being blown away. In the hurry of the moment, one child and the young woman had been left in the house, and, fortunately, by some means fell through the floor. The wind lifted the door from its hinges and threw it over them, and then the logs of the house came tumbling in upon them, until the house was leveled, and even the foundation logs turned over,—yet the young woman and child were uninjured! Those in the field did not all escape so well. The cabin of Mr. Karper was leveled to the ground, and the weight poles were blown beyond Mr. Brown's house, (some 40 rods or more.) One of the knees from the roof of this cabin, it is supposed, struck Leander Brown, a boy of Henry Brown's, making a dreadful gash in his head, which became a running sore for months. He is now a young man, and for years has been nearly blind from the effects of the wound, as is supposed. The storm, having thus demolished these houses, and scattered the fences like feathers over Mr. Brown's improvement,—rushed on, like a demon, tearing the heavy forest to shivers in its course, and carrying away the upper part of Wm. and Mathew George's dwellings, and totally demolishing all their fences,—again it struck the forest beyond these farms, and leveled it totally in its course, as before, until it reached the tract of land now owned by James Draggoo, where he formerly lived in Concord Township—when, either exhausting its force, or rising higher in the air,—it ceased its work of terrific destruction.—Articles of bed clothing from Mr. Brown's house were carried more than two miles by the Tornado. The width of its path of destruction was about half a mile, and its length three miles.

After the fury of the storm was over, Mrs. William George started to Mr. Brown's (about half a mile west-ward, with a plain road, before the storm,) but was so bewildered by the wild confusion of fallen timber, that she lost her way, and, after exerting hereself to the utmost

of her strength—doubled by her terrible excitement, finally arrived at Geo. Moores, one mile south of her residence. On reaching this house she swooned away.

Though much of this fallen timber has been cleared up on the farms of Mr. Woolsey, Mr. Brown, Mr. Karper, the Messrs Georges, Isaac Culbertson, &c.; and though much of it has been rotted or burnt, where the land has not been cleared up; and though a new growth of timber has arisen to hide the desolation—yet the pathway of this storm is still very plainly to be seen, on the road from Auburn to Spencerville.

Jackson Township, has rapidly improved since its first settlement. Large farms are seen in every part of it. Good buildings have been erected as fast as could be expected, considering the destitution of saw mills, convenient to the most of the Township. Five churches have been erected within its bounds, viz: 2 Episcopal Methodist, 2 Methodist Protestant, and 1 Lutheran. All, however, except one of the Methodist Protestan churches, are log buildings. That one is frame. The school houses too are all log, and most of them rather inferior.- Schools, however, are kept up in all the school houses, probably six months in the year. Quite a number of tracts of land were sold by the State, as swamp lands, and, if the State would fulfill its agreement, and ditch them, it would very materially benefit the Township, not only by draining these tracts, but also by giving the land owners around an opportunity to drain theirs.

CHAPTER VII.

BUTLER TOWNSHIP.

Situation and features—Settlers in 1834—Road Cutting again—Left from Bruin's Dinner—"The Land flowing with Milk and Honey"—"Coon Meat and its Virtues—Extra specimens of Pioneer Settlers—A flourishing and Contented Family—A "feathered nest"—Settlers in 1835—Settlers in 1836, and first Marriage—Other early Settlers, &c.—Improvements in Butler—School houses—Churches, &c.

Butler is the south-western corner township of the county. It is six miles square, and was organized as a civil township, September 5th, 1837. It has cedar creek (the largest stream, except St. Joseph river, in the county) running acorss the north east corner of Little Ceder from the north down through the center; and Black creek, a smaller, but never faliing stream, throngh the west part; so that it is well supplied with living water. The land in this township is generally rich, and, along the streams, pleasantly undulating. Between the streams there is some flat, wet land. Taken altogether however, it is quite a good township of land.

The first settlers consisted of Peter Fair and his sons, Abram and Charles; Charles F. C. Crouse, George De Long, and Andrew, Jacob and John Surface.—These eight came into the township first in October, 1834, with a four horse team and wagon. They had to cut their own road from Squire Caswell's, in Allen county, beyond Huntertown—five miles to the place where they settled and also a considerable part of the way from Fort Wayne, as the track was too narrow and crooked for a four horse team. Abram Fair, one of the eight, is our informant.

"Our plan," says he "was to come out—build cabins—make a little beginning, and then return to our old homes, in Montgomery county, Ohio, to winter and bring on the families in the spring.

We brought provisions enough with us to last till our return, excepting meat—calculating to kill deer enough to supply that. In this, however, we were mistaken. We found deer quite scarce in those woods that fall. One day, Andrew Surface found a hollow tree (on Black creek where Peter Simon's ashery now stands) filled with honey, into which a bear had gnawed a hole and helped himself to as much as he wanted. On cutting the tree we found what was left of Bruin's dinner, six gallons of honey. The first fair day after this, we found two bee trees, cut them, and took the honey. We, (eight,) ate all the honey we wanted for twenty days, (and we had but little to eat except bread and honey) and on returning to Montgomery county, we had twenty-one gallons of strained honey left.

We will interrupt "uncle Abram" in his narrative to remark that when it is remembered that it was in Butler Township that Wesley Park and Joseph Miller, lay out in the woods on a rainy night with "new milk fresh from the cow" for their entire bill of fare, surely it might have been said that Butler was "a land flowing with milk and honey."

But let us hear Uncle Abram's "*coon story*"—wish I could tell it on paper as he did orally—with his expressive jovial countenance and an occasional interlude in the form of a hearty laugh—*wish* I could, but I can't. "After finding the bee trees," says he, "Andrew surface found a hollow tree with two '*coons*' in, and cutting them out, he brought them to our shanty. We took the hides off, and hung the meat out in the frost over night, and in the morning, Charley Crouse, who was our cook, prepared them for our breakfast. Being rather meat-hungry, we all ate heartily of them, except, John Surface, who declared he would starve first—though he ate some of the gravy. After breakfast, we all went at cutting and hewing logs and making clapboards for William Surface's cabin. John and I went to sawing a large oak for clapboards. John did'nt pull the saw very strongly. 'Ah,' said I to him, 'You did'nt eat coon or you could have sawed better.'—Presently he thought the saw went too hard and that he must have the iron wedge from the shanty to drive in the kerf. My father, Peter Fair, was lying in the shanty and John, supposed he was asleep. So he went to the skillet where there was a quarter of a '*coon*' left from breakfast, and taking off the lid, he took up the meat, and after smelling it awhile applied his teeth and stripped the bone in short meter. All this time my father lay pretending to be asleep, but struggling to keep from laughing. When John retured and took hold of the saw again, I remarked to him, that he must have either been eating coon or smelling of it he pulled so much stronger. When Crouse went in to cook dinner my father told the joke and it was sometime before John heard the last of the 'coon story.'

Abram Fair and "Charley Crouse are still living in the Township. "I was 22 years of age," says 'uncle Abram' "when I moved into the Township, 24 years ago. I then weighed 160 pounds and my wife, 140. Now I weigh, 210 and my wife, 200. We have had 11 children born in the Township, and nine are still living. In the 24 years I have not lost as many hours by sickness. I am now six feet 4½ inches high, and there never has been cleared land enough in DeKalb County to throw me down on. I still live on the farm where I first settled, and have never moved but once—form one part of my farm to another." From the way "uncle Abram" is feathering

his nest, down there in Butler, one would suppose that he never meant to move again until death, that mighty wrestler, gets him down. May that event be long postponed. In 1835, besides the families of the above named eight pioneers, the Holbrooks, Louis and Lyman, Joseph Stroup, Henry Miller, Michael Miller, and perhaps some other whose names I have not been fortunate enough to get, moved into the Township. In the spring of 1836, Wm. Surface, John Gragg, and James Bell moved in. The same spring, Robert Work, Esq., was married in the Township, though a resident of Allen County, at that time. This was the first marriage in the Township, and perhaps the first in the County. Judge McMakin of Fort Wayne officiated, and Abram Fair and wife, were the attendants upon the groom and bride.

Sanford Bassett moved in, in 1837; John Noel, John Emory and Henry Fair, in 1839, and George Ensley, in 1841.—The Clarks were early settlers in the Township, but we have not the date of their settlement. Two of them, Isaac and Stephen, became Methodist preachers in an early day. Isaac has long since gone to heaven, and Stephen is still a traveling preacher in the M. E. church. Orrin C. Clark, late Republican candidate for sheriff of the County, is quite a prominent and influential citizen of the Township, and has filled several township offices ably and acceptably. Wm. Day was the first Justice of the Township. He came into Jackson Township in the 1836 with his relative William Miller, and afterwards, settled in Butler, where Henry Hogue now lives. George Ensley was the second. He was elected in 1843, and resigned in '44. Wm. McAnnally was elected in his place, and, at the expiration of his term, George R. Huffman succeeded, and has filled the office ever since for that part of the Township. Daniel Moody was an early settler, and succeeded Peter Fair as County commissioner. Hon. Robert Work has filled several county offices, and was senatorial delegate in the convention that framed the new constitution of our State.

If I have missed any of the pioneers of the Township, I beg pardon, assuring them, at the same time, that it would have given me great pleasure to have had them report themselves, and any interesting items in the history of their settlement in the county. I wish the above remarks to apply to every pioneer in the different Townships. Our sketches will soon close. Please hand in your names, the date of your settlement, and your items and incidents.

Butler Township has rapidly advanced in wealth and improvements. Having had saw mills convenient, most of the early settlers have good buildings on their large farms. By means of a special school tax, good frame school houses have been erected in all of the nine districts, (if I am not mistaken,) and an extra one by private subscription in the neighborhood of Mr. Hall and John R. Moody, in the South East corner of the Township. In meeting houses and church organizations, they are not so favored. There are, I believe, but two church houses in the Township, and both in one neighborhood. One is a frame, belonging to the M. E. church, and the other a log one, belonging to the Lutheran, and both are rather indifferent buildings.

CHAPTER, VIII.

Wilmington Township.

Apology extraordinary—Wilmington described—First settler—Downward tendency of beef—Cold quarters—Beef on the rise—Early Settlers—Millers Ex-

perience—Wages low and eating high—An evening excursion—Rascality extra—Taking it "out of his hide"—The 'douse bath'—The advantages of lending—Another case of "shoulder carting"—only two dollars per bushel for rotten corn—First marriage—Dan Coats and the mad fox—Elder Ward on the hard winter—forty foot fodder—Jack Frost's "s'ashing"—Starvation—Wilmington as it now is.

Surely, reader, I will be at least excusable, if not praiseworthy, in following the illustrious example of the celebrated "king of day," whose praises you will find chanted, so beautifully, in Thompson's seasons. Certainly, says the reader, but pray, what do you mean? What has the sun to do with Wilmington Township?—Much every way—especially in drying up the swamps.—But it is not in this respect that I wish to imitate his majesty, for I am not yet quite ready to "*dry up.*" How then? Well, in my last I went down in the west, throwing the pelucid light of my refulgent pen over Butler Township, and now at the opening of this chapter, as is the custom of "Dan Sol" at the opening of a new day, I shall come forth

"Rejoicing in the East."

Pshaw! says the reader,—how egotistical! yes reader and so is the sun—The most egotistical of all creatures—always holding himself up to the public gaze.

Wilmington Townihip is the most easterly one of the second tier—excepting Stafford, already spoken off. Wilmington is thus described by one of its old settlers,—Rev. S. B. Ward. "It is a second rate Township in quality of soil, taking it together, yet it has some first rate land in it, especially along 'Big run.' a considerable stream running across the North side of the Township. For fine oak timber, there is no Township in the county that surpasses it." I will only add to this description, that as a grass growing township it will equal any excepting, perhaps, Jackson.

The first settler in this Township, I am informed, was Mr. Ira Allen, now living near Newville with his son Aaron W. Allen, Esq. He came in, in August, 1836, and pitched a cloth tent on an oak hill, on the East side of the Township.—In that tent he remained perhaps a month or two, until he put up a commodious house, for those times, compossed of oak logs hewed square and "notched" down closely. When he came here he was a very large—stout—muscular man, apparently with an iron constitution. Of late, however, for several years, he has been entirely helpless, having his limbs distorted and stiffened with rheumatism. As an instance of the hardships and exposures that probably brought on this affliction, we will relate an incident as we have learned it from others.

Sometime in October, 1836, Mr. Allen went out to hunt his cattle, of which he had a number, and finding them, far out in the apparently interminable woods and swamps to the North and West, he started home with them. On the way, one of his work oxen mired down. After laboring hard in the mud and water for some time,—the other cattle in the mean time getting scattered in the woods again,—he started for his tent, but failed in reaching it, and lay out through the night, cold and frosty, as it was, and wet and muddy as he was. The next day John N. Miller, an early settler of the same Township,—while making his way through the wilderness to the land he had entered, heard some one hail him away out where he was not looking for human being, and, on going where the voice came from, he found Mr. Allen and his boys, laboring to get the ox out of the mire, it having lain there

all night, and now until the afternoon of the next day. They had forgotten to bring an axe, and had to cut a "pry" by bending down a sappling, and cutting it off with a pocket knife while the fibres of the wood were thus strained. Getting this "pry" under the beast, they finally raised him from his sunken condition but had to roll him several times over before he could find firm footing. The commodious block house erected by Mr. Allen, was long used as a meeting house, as well as a dwelling; and here I often attended prayer meeting and preaching in "the early day." Mr. Allen was then a member of the Methodist Protestant church.

Among the early settlers of this Township, besides Mr. Allen and Mr. Miller, were John Nelson, Christian and Milton Hull, Samuel Eakright, R. R. Lounsbery, B. Bunnell, John Cronch, Joseph Johnson, Aaron Vealey, Moses Haines, and many others, perhaps, of whom I am not now informed. Within a few years afterward, quite a number moved in, among whom were George Agnew, Elmor French, Moses Pierson, Elder Henry Cherry, Dr. Isaac Sawyer, Charles D. Handy, (the first Justice in the Township,) Eli Welch, Otis Bartlett, John Helwig and Elder S. B. Ward.

As we have already stated, John N. Miller now a highly respected citizen of Auburn, was one of the *very first* settlers in Wilmington. We will now give a few items of his experience of pioneer life.—"In the winter of 1836-7," says he, "I took a job of chopping of Mr. Lytle, who had sold out where he first settled, and had entered the tract of land since owned by the late William Pryor, in Stafford Township. The job was on the river bottoms, where the timber was very heavy —Huge oaks and elms, with enormous tops, being rather plenty to get along fast; as I had to take down all the timber, and cut it up ready for logging. I only got four or five dollars, (I do not now remember distinctly the wages,) and was to take my pay in potatoes, pork, beans, &c. For potatoes, I paid $1 per bushel; for pork 16 cents per pound; and other things in proportion. The price of chopping was low, and that of the articles of pay high;—yet I could not do better, as provision must be had. While I kept busy on my job, I could just about get provisions enough to keep us in the bare necessaries of life, so far as eating was concerned;—but I had no time to be sick, and no rest but the Sabbath. One cold March evening, after chopping hard all day, I took a bushel of potateos and 17 or 18 pounds of pork on my shoulder, and started for home, about dusk. The distance I had to travel along a blind trail, through the darkness and brush, was about six miles.—Coming to Buck creek, over which a small limber log was placed, I undertook to walk it with my load, but fell off in the water, which was high. I then waded through the ballance of the creek, getting very wet. Cold, wet and tired, I pursued my journey with my heavy load, until the long miles were passed, and I set down my pork and potatoes in my cabin.

The worst part of the tale is, that Lytle was not satisfied with my doing the job so cheap, and taking the pay in high priced trade; but he actually moved the stakes first set;—so that the lines might take in several large elms that were just outside of the job; and, besides, wanted me to chop up to a curving brush fence, which ran from stake to stake, on one side of my square job, including about a quarter of an acre more than the straight line agreed upon. My job being finished, as agreed upon, including, too, the elms fraudulently brought in, I went to Lytle,

in his house, to demand a settlement, and the ballance of my pay ; but he refused to pay, unless I chopped up to the brush fence. This, under the circumstances, with my hands covered with blisters from hard and incessant chopping ; (a kind of labor I was not accustomed to;)—This, I say, provoked me almost beyond endurance, and I told him I should take it out of his hide, *right then and there.* I was making towards him. His wife screamed, and Lytle turned it off with a laugh, and said he would pay me ; and thus the matter ended." We will here interrupt friend Miller, by stating this Lytle (as all the old settlers know,) was a hard customer. He seems early to have exchanged his conscience (if he ever owned such an article) for a *gizzard,* with which to grind new comers. He was a very profane man ; though Bill Mathews declared that Lytle did'nt know how to swear, he strung his oaths together in such an *awkward* way. And surely, Bill was a competent judge of the matter. Friend Miller tells a good one on Lytle, which I cannot resist the temptation to put down here. "I used" says John, " to go down to Lytle's sometimes on Sunday afternoon, to be there on Monday morning, to commence my job. Well, one afternoon, Lytle being an excellent boatman, asked me to take a little ride on the river in his canoe. I consented, and tried to help him navigate the craft ; but was very awkward at the business. This provoked him, and he let out such a volley of angry oaths at me, as I had not been accustomed to listen to tamely. In the midst of his imprecations, he set down his pole, with more than usual energy, and *smack* it went into two pieces, while he was leaning on it with all his weight—Plunge went Lytle head foremost into the deep, cold river. I laughed, of course, and he turned in the water, and threatened to upset the canoe. I seized a paddle, and told him if he undertook it, I would split his head. Being in a cold element he soon cooled down and came out peaceably."

"In the spring of 1837," continues Miller, "I had lent William Rogers half a barrel of flour, for, though six miles apart, we were neighbors, as was usual at that time. I expected that it would be returned before needed ; but the bottom of the flour sack stared me in the face before it arrived. Getting up one morning, I found only flour enough for one small cake. I told my folks to bake and eat it, while I went for the lent flour. It was six miles to Rogers, and but a 'trace' for a road. I set out early, afoot, and barefoot at that, and made good speed, thoughts of breakfast spurring me on, until I came to a swamp, round which the trace wound. Thinking to gain time, I struck across, expecting to find the place where the trace came round ; but, the morning being cloudy, I missed the course, and the trail. I traveled on rapidly however, in what I supposed to be the right direction, until the sun broke out, and I found that it was about noon, and I was only about a mile from home ! I quickly sought the trace again, and passed down it at a rapid rate, until I reached Rogers where I got something to eat. Rogers proposed that, if I left the flour, he would bring it up on a horse the next day ; but I knew this would not answer our wants. So I told him I could carry it, and, taking the hundred weight of flour on my shoulder, I trudged back, the whole six miles, without once laying it down. On one occasion, the Coatses, Roses and myself, being out of breadstuff, held a consultation as to where we should go to get corn. I was for going to Fort Wayne, but they thought best to go the North Western prairies They

started to the prairies, and I sent $10 along. They were gone ten days, and my money brought me ten bushels of corn, the milling and hauling of which cost me ten more. So my meal cost me $2 per bushel, and much of it rotten, as there had been a frost, on the 29th of the preceding August, killing the corn on these prairies, leaving it too green to keep without rotting."

We will now close Miller's narration. May he long enjoy the competence his industry has acquired, and never again eat *rotten corn*, at $2 per bushel, nor practice *shoulder carting*, as he and I had to do, in the early times.

The first marriage in Wilmington, was that of Dan Coats and Mary Allen. The knot was tied by Washington Robinson, in January, 1838. The bridegroom was, and still is, one of the largest and stoutest men in the county. It would be some sport to see him and "Uncle Abram" of Butler take a good natured wrestle. Dan used to be swift of foot, and, on one occasion, this gift of nature served him a very good purpose. It was that year hydrophobia prevailed to such an alarming extent, that cattle, hogs and even wild foxes, "went mad." I cannot give the date, but I have the fact from good authority, that, as Dan was passing through the woods, a mad fox attacked him. Dan, rightly considering that immediate retreat was his best policy, started full speed, and the fox after him.—They had a pretty evenly race, until Dan jumped a large log, and, seeing on the other side a good club, seized it, and let the fox have the weight of it, and of both his hands, as it came over the log in hot pursuit. This ended Reynard's "mad career," and a drop of his blood, alighting on Coats' cheek as it flew warm from the head of the fox, burned like fire.

Before leaving Wilmington, the "hard winter" must have a passing notice; and we are glad to be able to present the reader with a graphic description, from the pen of Rev. S. B. Ward.

"The winter of 1842-3," says he, "will long be remembered by the early settlers of the county, and especialy of Wilmington Township. In 1841 and 2, quite a number of settlers, of small means, came in, and had raised but little to live on when the 'hard winter' set in. The fall had been fine, but, about the first of November, a light snow fell, but mostly went off soon after. On the 17th of the month, it set in cold, with high winds, and some snow. The snow continued to increase from time to time, until it was nearly two feet deep on the level, with occasional showers and hard freezes, so that it was almost impossible to get about. It snowed a little every day, but one, through February;—and March came in with the severity almost of a polar winter. By this time, most of the hay and grain consumed, and hogs and cattle were daily dying, all over the country, from starvation. Some settlers lost all their hogs, and most of their cattle before feed came in the spring. Very many had to depend on the browse of the tree tops as feed for their cattle,—for the last two months of cold weather. For the last few days of March, however, even this provision of nature was cut off. When all were anxiously looking for the opening of spring, heart-sick in view of the sufferings of their poor dumb animals,—the sleeper, in his lone cabin in the midst of the forest, was awakened, on the night of the 27th of March, by the continual crashing of the tree tops, which did not cease until day dawned, when, to the dispirited emigrant, was revealed the cause of all the commotion of the night. It had been raining,—freezing as it fell,—until the tree tops were broken under

their load of ice. That day, and for several days, it seemed that the cattle must all die; for, when the trees were cut down for browse, the small twigs, incased in a hard coat of ice, would break off, with the ice adhering, and mingle with the snow. Besides this, the crust on the snow was so thick and hard, that the cattle could hardly get about. The wild animals also suffered almost as much, seemingly, as the domestic ones. It was nothing unusual to see squirrels so reduced as to be easily caught by hand. On election day (1st Monday in April) snow was one foot deep in the thick woods, and it was good sleighing on most of the roads. That week, however, sent the snow, in another form, to lake Erie, or the Gulf of Mexico, and, in a few weeks, herbage began to appear, and hope sprang up again in the settler's heart.—Shame on that man that now complains of hardships, or that does not thank and reverence the hardy pioneer of those forests."

So ends the Elders interesting narrative.

For a few years past, Wilmington has been rapidly improving, The completion of the "Air line Rrilroad," through the Northern part, has given the citizens a convenient market, and has planted the flourishing town of Butler, in the Township. In churches, the North East corner, (the vicinity of Butler,) is well favored. If I am not mistaken, there is a Methodist Episcopal, a united Brethren, and a Winebrenerian church, all within two miles of each others. In school housse the Township is rather deficient, not in quantity, but in quality. One, of some kind, is to be seen in every school district; but they are generally of the primitive, "back woods" style of architecture, as yet.

CHAPTER, IX.

Goldsmith—Burns—The author feels honored &c.—Union Township—"Sweet Auburn"—A tight squeeze—First store—Saddle-bags conveyance—Store and store keepers—"Mine host"—The Smith family—A list of Judges—A melting scene—Lawyers wanted—An X "Non come at ibus"—The "Forest city"—Disciples of Esculapius—A wretched pun about "hoops" and worse apology—Reverends—Handicrafts—"Raising the wind"—The Morning-star &c.—More experience—"Pinching the baby" &c.—Rooms to let"—More "coon"—"A lodge in the vast wilderderness"—Gravitation out generalled "Doc" Goodell and the wolves—Wounded in the battle—Improvements and conveniences &c.

Union Township.

"Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain."
Goldsmith.

"If there's a hole in a, your coats
I rede you tent it;
A chield's amang you taking notes,
And faith he'll prent it."
Burns.

Whereas a *celebrated* author and critic of our town has honored my humble sketches with a flattering notice, in his *elegant* and widely circulated Journal, under the title of a "*romance*;" giving the author the euphonious "*nom de plume*" of "Rev. P. Knutt." And whereas the prince of romancers, the author of "Waverly," begins each chapter with a poetical quotation—elated by the above notice, I feel like imitating the example of the illustrious Scott. Hence the above appropriate quotations.

Union is a full congressional Township, and the central one in the county. It was organized September 5th, 1837; but it then embraced what now are Jackson, Smithfield, Richland and Fairfield

Townships. These were severally detached from Union, and organized, at different periods, from January, 1838; the date of the organization of Jackson, till the spring of 1844, when Fairfield was organized.

This Township has Cedar Creek running down from the North-West corner, through the center, and out of its bounds near the South-West corner. This drains the ownship pretty thoroughly, though, notwithstanding this, there are a few tolerably large tamarack swamps in it.—These, however, can and will all be drained, and make excellent meadows. The Northern and Western portions of the Township are generally rolling and somewhat sandy. The South-Eastern part is more level and clayey. Taken as a whole it may be said to be a rich Township of land.

Auburn, the County seat, is in the South-Western corner of this Township. We have already given dates and incidents of the laying out, and first settlement of this town by Wesley Park. We will now give farther items of it's settlement and improvement.

The first store opened here was by one Comstock. Owing to "pressure of business" on the part of those who might inform us of the particulars, we are *squeezed* into the necessity of being contented with this meager statement. Thomas J. Freeman was the next to sell goods. The Records of the County Commissioners shows that his license was 85 cents, his capital in trade being $170.

Freeman "held forth" in the old frame immediately west of Wesley Park's dwelling,—the same that has lately been newly weather-boarded, and is now occupied as a dwelling by Dr. Goeriz. It is said that he used to bring new recruits of groceries from Fort Wayne on horse back, n a pair of Saddle-bags. Parson was the next to sell goods. He kept his store in a part of the house now owned and occupied by Mr. Weldin. Freeman's principal source of profit was from selling whiskey to Indians and settlers who loved "the critter." Whether Parson sold liquors as a beverage or not, I am not informed. Old Mr. Hart kept a doggery near where J. D. Davis Esq. has his hard ware store. I think it was in the old frame moved back for a shop by George Brandt. After Freeman had kept shop alone awhile, he and Nelson Payne formed a partnership. After Freeman and Payne, came Payne and Governor Wallace, who kept in the front room of the house now occupied by Mr. William Davis as a residence. It had just been erected by Payne. Next came Payne and Ralston in the same room. Afterwards stores and groceris "too numerous to mention" sprang up in our goodly town.

The first tavern kept in town, was by T. J. Freeman, in the same house where his store was. A few years afterwards, he built the house now known as the Franklin house," and removed into it. At quite an early day J. O. P. Sherlock kept tavern in the old frame now owned and occupied by John N. Miller at the foundery. In spite of his regard for the "relics" of the early times, I fear that, when John finishes his new gothic, this venerable building will go "the way of all the earth." Parson also kept public house in the same building where his store was.

Some tell me that the first lawyer in town was one W. Smith—of the respectable family of John Smith, or his cousin "Bill," so often mentioned in the newspapers; while others tell me there never was a *lawyer* of that name here.

"Who can decide when doctors disagree?" Certain it is that Judge Mott was the second lawyer to locate in town.

He came in the fall of 1843. Judge Morris was next, and then Judge Dickinson, (surely he deserves the title with the rest, having occupied the bench as circuit Judge pro. tem. during several sesions.) *Judge* Dickinson, I say came next, and here we close the list of pioneer lawyers. Morris came in the fall of 1844, and Dickinson perhaps a year after.

Judge Mott informs me that, after Messrs. Beck & McCrum, of Richland Township, had built the first school house in town, (the old one just west of Stiefel & Wolf's store,) the court was removed from Park's cabin to the school house.—A rough platform of boards was erected at the end for a "Judgment seat"—a *fence* of unplaned boards fixed across for a bar, and the house warmed by an old cracked stove that made such eloquent pleas, whenever a fresh supply of fuel was put in, as to move the whole court and bar to tears, not excepting even the hardest hearted lawyers, with "eyes unused to weep." On such occasions, to give vent to the deep emotions of the court,(or perhaps to give vent to the smoke,) the door of the house had to be opened.

At that early day clients were rather scarce. People generally had little or nothing to go to law about, and still less to pay lawyers fees, and very little time to spare from their strenuous efforts to get the necessaries of life, to spend in court. A few, of late years, seem disposed to make ample amends for this neglect of the members of the bar. Judge Mott informs me that his first winter in town was spent in the honorable employment of village schoolmaster. The following anecdote of Judge M. comes second handed from the Judge himself. He was at home, rather "hard up" for funds, as was fashionable in that day, and, his wife being in rather poor health, he was scrubbing the house with coat off, sleeves and pants rolled up, and in a perfect deluge of sand and suds, when up stepped a gentlemen, from the vicinity of Enterprize, and enquired where "Lawyer Morris" was to be found. The man with the mop modestly replied that Morris was *his* name, when the stranger, eying him askance, told him that he had a case before squire somebody, in which "old Doc Ladue" was his antagonist, and that he wanted to get two good lawyers on his side "*being as the old Doc was rather crafty.*" During this short speech, Morris was a deeply interested auditor; and, when it was finished, he quickly laid aside his broom and mop, rolled down his sleeves and pants, put on his "fix ups" dressing his "lower extremities" with one boot and one shoe, for want of mates, and in a very short period he and Mott were on the trail for squire somebody's, away up in Franklin. Ten dollars was the fee received, and perhaps never X came more opportunely.—Relating the above to Judge Mott, as I had heard it, he remarked that chills and fevers prevailed to such a distressing degree often, in the early history of Auburn, that there was scarce a man but that, at some periods, was under the necessity of plying the mop, handling the skillet, or bending over the wash-tub; and that, owing to the above cause and to the fact that female help was like the man pursued by the learned constable—"*non come at ibus*," he himself has been compeled, for two weeks at a time, to perform all kinds of household and kitchen service. Mott, Morris and Dickinson have all succeeded well in their profession, not only acquiring honorable names, but also a competence of "*world gear.*"

Judge Mott states that when he came to town, in the fall of 1843, the public square around the court house was par-

tially logged, but not burnt off. That the frame of the court house was up but not enclosed. That Main street was full of logs from the site of the Auditor's office to Ingman's where Long's Hotel now is; and that all west of this was woods up to Stiefle & Wolf's corner. He lived in a cabin put up by James Cosper, where Ralston's dwelling now is, and had only to jump over the fence in the direction of where Charles Stimely now lives, to chop his firewood form the forest.

Payne had an ashery where my residence now is, and all, between that and Mrs. Poffenberger's was woods. Houghton lived in the cabin now used as his shop, and John F. Coburn on the lot where Nathan Johnson lives; but Mr. Mott could not see their houses from his for the forest that intervented.

The first physician I am informed was Dr. Ross. Old Mr. Haynes, now of Richland, used also to pretend to some knowledge of the healing art, when he resided in Auburn at a very early day. One of the oldest settlers says he (Mr. H. preached some, practised some—not *christian*, but *medical* practice reader) and—and—I'll not tell the rest I believe. The old man's practice was on the root and "yarb" system. Next came Dr. Cooper, skillfully *hooping* up the human frame. (Pardon me ladies, I protest against any construction of the above miserable pun that will seem to infer any allusion to the present system of "hooping" up the female frame.) Next to cooper came one Eli Pritchard. Next Dr. Oliver. Then Dr. Roe. Then Dr. Hendricks, and lastly Drs. Ford and Dancer, and here must end the list of pioneer Doctors. Ford is all the one mentioned above who is still with us. Dancer lies lamented in our grave yard, and Hendricks, having acquired an enviable reputation as a physician and mathematician, and having served one term as County Treasurer, removed to Newville, purchased a farm, and became a most scientific and enthusiastic farmer; but is now one of the principals of Newville Academy—Mr. James Colgrove being the other.

Rev. Samuel Reed, of the Methodist Episcopal church, was the first regular minister in Auburn. He was a young man of superior talents and energy. Rev. James T. Bliss was the first Presbyterian minister. He is well known as a very amiable and pious man.

Having given a list of early "professionals," so far as our information will allow, we will now notice the equally respectable mechanical pioneers. It is said that the first carpenter in the place was James Hite, who, assisted by Lyman Childsey, put up the frame of the court house. Next comes James Cosper, still a resident of the township. Then Mr. Samuel Ralston, our present sheriff, Amos Hutchinson, Mr. Houghton, and perhaps others of whom we are not informed.

The first cabinet makers were Lancelat Ingman and J. O. P. Sherlock. John Johnson comes next in this line, and is still driving the plane and turning the lathe among us. He informs me that, when he came on first he livd in the house of Mr. Ingman now Long's hotel, and, for two winters. (1844 and 5,) cut his wood from the forest about where James Griswold's grocery is.

The first blacksmith, I am told, was Nelson Payne, afterwards merchant and Judge. He had his shop about where the old shingle machine now is, near the saw mill. The second "son of vulcan" was Mr. Henry Moneysmith, who recently died in Michigan. His shop was near where Mr. Johnson's cabinet shop now is. The first gunsmith was Isaac Savage; the second Charles Stimely, who came early, and still follows the craft. The

first wagon maker was Jonathan Hall, an early settler and still a respected resident of town. The first shoemaker was Cyrus Smith, brother of Isaac B. Smith of Smithfield, then Forshee, then Stephen Latson, who still has his *awl* invested in the business, and will probably follow it to the *last.*

Bolinger and Carpenter followed the manufacture of fanning mills at an early day. Bolinger is still with us, but, probably failing to *raise the wind,* by that means, as he desired,—has abandoned the trade. Wm. Abright was the first saddle and harness maker, and still keeps a shop. Isaac Jones sen., was the first manufacturer of tin ware, then Abram Bass and Harrison Jones, then Mr. Tridell, and then J. D. Davis Esq., who now monopolises the business. Joseph Garver followed the trade of hatter for a time, at an early day. He owned and lived on the lot now occupied by T. R. Dickinson Esq.

Outside of the town,—Kneeland Abbott, on the South, was a very early settler. Daniel Altenburg Esq. and Mr. Walsworth, on the east, moved in, in 1838, and John Summers and Lyman Chidsey in 1841, South-East of town. To the North, the Messrs. Husselmans and McEntaffers were the first settlers. Mr. Henry Willis of Richland, states that, at the raising of John Husselman's barn, nearly all DeKalb county seemed to be present and yet it took two days to raise it. On the North-East, Messrs. Rockwell and Morningstar were the first settlers. This "*morningstar*" however, was the harbinger of a prosperous day of improvement for that region—now the residence of the Strows, Fulk, Baughman, &c.

As Messrs. Altenburg and Walsworth were among the very earliest settler in the Township, outside of the town; perhaps a few items of their pioneer experience might be interesting.

They moved in together, and left Steubenville, in Steuben county, on the morning of the 4th of November 1838, in the midst of a very heavy fall of snow, which continued all day. Having a narrow, blind, crooked track to follow, without a house for nine miles, the snow flakes falling so fast as to bewilder the traveler, and at sometimes weighing down the bushes across the track,—it became necessary for one of the men to walk before the teams, to find the way and remove the bushes overhanging it. They also had some stock to drive, and, their help being rather scarce, the women were under the necessity of walking, and assisting to drive them. The snow being soft and hanging on the bushes, those on foot became completely wet. On—on the slow ox teams passed, through snow and mud, along the crooked narrow path, until night came on, and still all around was a bleak snow clad forest. They began to think of lying in their wagons for the night, but, having no way of making fire, and nothing for their teams or stock, and the women and children being frightened by the howling of the wolves around them they drove on in the darkness occasionally *stalling* against the trees on each side of the narrow track. At length one of the teams, and the wagon, got entirely out of the way, and so entangled among the trees and logs that the latter had to be left. Hitching both teams to one wagon, they drove on until they began to think they must be near to the only dwelling between Steubenville and Auburn. (Isaac B. Smith's.) Stopping the teams Mr. Altenburg proposed that all should unite in one desperate yell, in order to find out whether any human being was near. Loud and shrill arose that cry on the almost midnight air, but the loud howl of a pack of wolves, whose name

appeared to be legion, was the only reply. After holding their breath in silence awhile, Mr. A. proposed that they should tune their throats anew, and pitch their voices a note or two higher, and even *pinch the baby*, (now Mr. Henry Altenburgh,) that he might join his voice with theirs. This effort was successful, and Mr. Smith came to their rescue with a light, and welcomed them to the hospitalities of his little cabin; for, although about full already, he still had room for *two families*. The cabins of the pioneers always could hold a few more, in case of emergency, let them be ever so much crowded.

The next morning, bringing up the wagon left in the rear, they started on, and succeeded in driving all of *three miles*, through mud and snow, before dark reaching a little board shanty put up by Mr. Park for two men to lodge in, who were building a bridge over Ceder creek, where Union town now is. During the day, they caught a "*coon*," and on it they feasted the following morning; the two families and the two bridge builders having somehow contrived to stow themselves away for the night in the little shanty. In the morning the question was, how to get down the high steep bank of the creek with the loaded wagons. This feat was accomplished by running poles under the body of the waggon and between the spokes of each wheel, so as to lock them all, and then hitching a yoke of oxen to the tongue to *hold* back, and another yoke to the hind part of the wagon to *pull* back; the oxen hitched behind making, of course, a desperate effort to prevent being dragged down.

To be brief as possible, they settled for awhile in Auburn, and in January moved into Altenburg's cabin, 3 miles east of the village. The cabin was without chimney or "daubing," and the wolves serenaded them nearly every night. "From the first of January until about the 10th of March," says Mr. Walsworth, "our women saw no human being but their own families, except one man *strayed* in. The first night I lay in my cabin," says Mr. Altenburgh, "was before we moved in. Dr. Goodell and Walsworth's son were with me. The wolves were howling around, and the "Doc" would not consent to lie down to sleep, unless we kept gurad, promising to wake up at midnight, and guard us while we slept the ballance of the night. As soon as he went asleep, however, we lay down and soon all were asleep; the "Doc" not even dreaming that his precious life was thus left all ungarded. Other incidents might be related, as told me by these pioneers,—of a five day's journey to Union mills for breadstuff,—cutting their way as they went through the woods;—Of a night job of road cutting, from dark till midnight, to get a load of provisions through, from near where Wm. Clark of Union now lives, to where they themselves settled, and still live;—guided by a small compass set in a watch key, and driving two yoke of cattle so exhausted that they would lie down every little while, and then had to be fed and coaxed up again; of hard chopping all day, and then tramping down to Auburn, three miles through swamps full of water, and then back with a bushel of potatoes on their shoulder,—making the trip mostly in the night, so as to be chopping again by the break of day, &c. &c. Most of these incidents would be interesting, had we not spun out our chapter already to such a length.

Mr. Altenburgh has lost an arm, and came very near losing his life, in conquering the forests giants. In chopping off a "clearing," a tree fell on him, breaking his arm and some ribs. Two amputations and a year of the most intense

suffering, was the result—and to this day, a severe neuralgic painas remains the consequence of the accident.

Union townships has improved equally as fast as any other in the county. Auburn has continued steadily to increase in size and wealth; and now the "oldest inhabitant" estimate its populatirn at twelve hundred. We have four dry goods stores — two shoe stores—four Groceries — one hardware store — one drug store—one foundery—3 blacksmith shops—one gunsmith—3 cabinet shops —3 saddle and harness shops—one coopers shop—one taylors shop—and carpenters innumerable. We have two printing offices, from which are issued two respectable looking weekly papers—Four good physicians—*Eight* lawyers—Four ministers—&c. &c. &c. &c.,

There are two good church houses in in town One grist mill, one saw mill and "*lots*" of other conveniences among which our Union school stands pre eminent as an honor to the place. The inhabitants in general are moral, peaceable and benevolent.

Waterloo in the North part of the township, is quite a brisk growing village on the Air line Rail Road. Business is rapidly gathering to that point, and the inhabitants are general moral and enterprising.

CHAPTER X.

Description—First settler—House building in short meter—Other early settlers —House raising—No 'hands' to spare —First Justice—List of pioneers—Emigrant's hotel again—Another job of road cutting—Pig wanted—Noble revenge—Sweetening their bitters—Cowper's wish attained—"March of improvement"—"Land sharks"—Temples of science—Rail Road—City of Lawrence—Corrunna City—Saw mills —Churches, &c.

Richland Township.

Richland is a full congressional Township. It has Little Cedar running diagonally from the North-West corner, by the center, to the South line about midway of said line East and West. The surface of this Township is generally rolling, and, in places, even *hilly*. The soil is chiefly somewhat sandy ; though there are, in places, considerable tracts of clay. Beech and sugar maple is the prevailing timber ; yet interspersed with these, there is a good supply of walnut, poplar, oak and ash.

The first settler in the Township was Joseph Miller, mentioned heretofore. He settled on the farm where he still lives, in August 1836,—having cut his way in from where his father lived, in Jackson Township. Previous to moving in, he cut the logs for his house in one day; made the clapboards the next,hav'g to *chop* off the timber two clapboad lengths, (for want of a saw,) then split it into bolts, and chop them in two before riving. He and two others put up the house without any farther assistance, on the third day. He, and Mr. Vansickle, and Obadiah Whitmore also put up a house for Jacob Weirick, without any other help. Jacob Weirick and Joshua Feigler moved in, in October 1836. At the organization of the township, Mr. Weirick was appointed supervisor for the whole of it; and at the first election, there were but six voters in the Township. Wm. Showers was elected the first Justice, William, Solomon and Daniel Showers, Lyman Green, James McCrum, Wm. Beck, Daniel Webber, Henry Willis, Calvin and Erastus Corcans, Heman Bangs, Japhet Ingraham, Peter Freish, Ezra, William and John Connelly, Thomas Daily, Timothy John and Harvey Moody, James Blake, Samuel Haynes, and Peter Moody, were

all early settler, and the majority are still citizens of the Township.

Henry Willis moved in by way of Isaac B. Smith's who seems to have kept a kind of emigrant's hotel. From Smith's he had to cut his own road, requiring all day to get through. He states that, soon after coming on, he tried in vain to get a pig to buy in the whole county. By way of commendable retaliation, he is now trying to excel the whole country in raising swine—Witness the premiums at the last agricultural fair. Happily for him he settled on a sugar timbered tract of land, where he had the opportunity of making maple sugar, which he took off, sometimes a three day's journey, and exchanged for breadstuffs. This was a very common expedient with the first settlers. Messrs. Altenburg and Walsworth tell me that they pursued the same traffic, much to their advantage in Union; and, but for sugar and saw logs, I do not know what the settlers on the river would have done to relieve their very pressing wants. It was well indeed that they had this means of sweetening their bitter experiences of pioneer life.

Peter Moody settled quite early away up by the North line of the Township, where he enjoyed for a time the ardent wish of Cowper, viz., "A lodge in one vast wilderness."

Doubtless, could I see and converse with more of the Richland pioneers, I might get some more incidents to enliven this dull chapter; but time and circumstances will not allow me to wait for further revelations. Those pioneers must blame themselves; if they don't "get their names in the paper," for my will is good enough to publish every mother's son of them; and even to draw "*pictures of their log cabins, with holes in the floors*," if I may be permitted to borrow the sublime language of a famous writor of our country and age.* As it is, however, though with reluctance, I must let these few items in the early history of Richland suffice, and, while I heartly thank those two pioneers, Miller and Willis, for the items furnished, I hereby notify all the other pioneers of the Township, that, if at any time, they conclude to divulge—make a clean breast of it, and tell me their pioneer experience.—If they will kill a fat turkey, roast it, and invite me out to dinner, I will take it as an expiation, receive their confession, and pronounce their absolution, so far as the crime of not furnishing matter for this chapter is concerned. Besides all this, I further promise that, if the turkey is well stuffed, and seasoned, and if the gravy has a sufficiently grateful flavor to my palate, that I will come home, and before the inspiration of the dinner wears off, write a chapter for the sole and exclusive benefit of such repentant pioneers. Now what more could I do, to induce those close minded "settlers" to divulge?

Richland Township has fully kept pace with the others, in the march of improvement. Though much of its fertile land fell at first into the hands of non-resident speculators,—yet a judicious system of taxation, compelled those '*land-sharks*' to sell out to actual settlers, who have subdued the very heavy forests, and are now receiving a rich tribute from the fat soil. Under the administration of the excellent board of township trustees, good frame school houses are being erected in every district. The Air line branch of the Michigan and Northern Indiana Rail Road runs through the Northern part of the township. Since this road has been completed, Mr. Hines has laid out the village of Lawrance, (Iba P. O.,) and, by a liberal system of donating lots to actual settlers, and of furnishing lum-

* See the De Kalb County Democrat.

ber for building,—from his good steam saw mill,—he has caused it to improve with great rapidity.

Corunna is another village in this Township, on the Rail Road. If I am not mistaken. James Blake Esq., is one of the principal men engaged in pushing it ahead. If a good country around these two villages, and energetic, thor'gh going proprietors can make them cities, surely that will be their final destiny.

There are three good steam saw mills, and at least two propelled by water, in the Township.

Two churches have been erected in its bounds; viz., a Baptist one,—of the backwoods, gothic style of architecture; and one belonging to the United Brethren—a comfortable frame. The school houses, however, are all, so far as I know, open for religious meetings. Richland is undoubte ly destined to become as it's name denotes, one of the *richest* in the country. I must now close this chapter. Look out for me next in the East, as before; but with the narration of a settler on the St. Joseph river as early as the year 1827!!

CHAPTER XI.

Cutting road from Brunersburg to Denmark—Prospect of freezing—Fortunate escape—Starvation—A 'Turkey trot' for life—Two weeks on dried peaches—The last resort—In the 'nick of time'—The mill raising—Guests not invited—They 'help themselves'—The bloody resolve—One night's fare—Whiskey, whiskey—Trip to the prairies—Female ox driver—Outruns fate and catches a husband—John Fee—The monstrous Indian track—Naming the Township &c.—A. F. Beecher and the black legs—Dr. Pink gets cowhided—The 'awful' blackleg—Gets riddled—Next door neighbor, ten miles off—Sundry pioneer difficulties—Rheumatism &c. &c.

Franklin Township.

"A plain unvarnished tale I will de'iver."
Shakespear.

Respected Reader, I am gratified in having before me an interesting narrative from the pen of one of the oldest inhabitants, if not the very oldest settler in DeKalb County. Though more accustomed to handling the rifle, axe and 'handspike' then the pen,—yet the interest contained in the circumstances themselves, together with his blunt, honest way of relating them, cannot fail to fix your attention.

John Houlton's Narrative.

'Mr. Widney:—Since you are writing sketches concerning the early settlers of the various Townships of this county, for the benefit of posterity, I feel it a duty to add my mite; so please have patience, as I must go out of the bounds of the county, and also note some things that happened before any settlement of DeKalb, though they are inseperably connec ed with its settlement.

Samuel Houlton, (my oldest brother) and Isaiah Hughes went into co-partnership to build a saw mill, in the wilderness of Fish creek, in February, 1827. The firm hired David Williamson, John Kilgore, Francis A. Blair and myself to work for them. They gave us axes, a little provision, and fire works, and started us where Brunersburg now stands to cut a road through North-West to the Indian village on the St. Joseph, (the present site of Denmark). We started, and the firm was to follow with the team the next day. We cut on till dark, and when we stopped to build a fire, behold the flint, which I had put in my pocket to strike fire, was not to be found. We were all wet to the knees, and, it being

very cold, we all expected to perish without fire. The boys threatened to whip me, as they said it was d——d carelessness losing the flint. Said I, "boys the night will be dark as Egypt; we must make fire or perish. Let us all hunt, and, if possible, find a stone to strike fire with." They said I was a *fool*, to think of finding a flint in those swamps.

We had worked hard all day, and were tired and hungry, but I well knew there was not a minute to be lost; so I started to hunt for a stone, while they went to eating. It was growing dark rapidly — I struck a small ravine,—followed it, and at last found a little stone nearly round, with no sharp edge. Feeling along awhile, and finding no other, I went back, got the "spunk" and knife, and, after a few strokes, had the satisfaction to see it take fire, and soon we had a good blazing fire. The boys, who cursed me and were almost ready to kill me for losing the flint, now, with tears rolling down their cheeks, asked my pardon. Such is the instability of poor feeble man. We cut the road to the mouth of Fish creek, and the team came on. We then went to work and made a perogue of about two tuns burden, and crossing the river, built a cabin 20 feet square. When our provisions began to fail, Samuel Houlton took Blair, and went down the river in the perogue. They started to go east of the State line, on the Maumee. Hughs, Williamson, Kilgore and myself staid.—The boat was to be back in eight days.—Twelve days past, and no boat appeared. It had rained heavily,—The river rose high, the weather turned quite cold, and our provisions entirely failed, except a half bushel of dried peaches. Williamson and Kilgore concluded to leave for the settlement. We all made a raft of logs for the boys to cross the river, and the next morning they started with empty stomachs. Hughs and I went to see them across. They went aboard the raft, and started across the river, the water being high, and the slush ice running. At first the raft bore them up, but, before they got across, they were three feet deep in the freezing water. They had flint and spunk, the latter, getting wet in their pockets, was of course useless. They scrambled up the other bank; and there they were, their clothes freezing in two minutes, 27 miles from the settlement, without food in their stomachs, without any means to strike fire, and the snow four inches deep. I shuddered for their fate, and told them to start at a good "turkey trot,' so as not to freeze, and not too fast, lest they should tire out before getting through; and, on the peril of their lives, not to sit down. They got through, but so exhausted that Judge Perkins had to help them into his door. Hughs and I staid 14 days after the boys left, during which time we had nothing under the heavens to eat, but a few dried peaches. We had a gun, and went out often with it to try to kill something, but there was neither animal nor bird to be seen,—No not even so much as an Indian On the morning of the 14th day, I told Hughs I would make a raft of logs that day, and leave the next morning. I did so. Next morning Hughs accompanied me to the river, to see me start. We both felt sure that Houlton and Blair were coming up the river with the perogue, and I was in great hopes to meet them in two or three hours. The river was yet high, and the slush ice running very thickly. I got some fire and wood on the raft—Hughs loosed the cable, and was in the act of handing to it me, when lo! my brother Samuel Houlton called to us, about a hundred rods up the river. He knew we must be starving, and came across from the Maumee with a yoke of

oxen and sled. He tried hard to reach us the day before, but lacked 5 miles when darkness overtook him. He drove on till he could follow the road no longer, and then struck fire and camped for the night. It was fortunate indeed for me that he came just when he did, for, if I had got one hour's start, I should as surely have lost my life as I now live;—for there was no human habitation till within four miles of Fort Wayne. The slush ice would have so adhered to the raft as soon to render it entirely unmanageable; so that it must have stove, and I would have been compelled to swim, or drown. Had I swam out I must have frozen to death very soon.

Now, kind reader, you would think it pretty hard fare to have nothing to eat for fourteen days but dried peaches. I tell you it kept soul and body together, and that was all it did.

Hughs, Sam'l Houlton and myself staid about two weeks, then Samuel took an Indian canoe, and went down the river to get his perogue load of pork, flour, potatoes, corn and whiskey, (for Hughs must have his drams.)—At Fort Wayne Samuel hired a man by the name of Avery, and went a little below where Antwerp now is, where they loaded the perogue, and returned without any thing worthy of note. We four worked on some time, and in May got the mill ready to raise. Without any further help, we went to putting it up—without ropes or tackle. The size was 18 by 45 feet.—There were five swamp oak sills 45 feet long, and 13 inches square, and two plates 10 inches square;—but the middle tent, with the fender beam 14 inches square, was the heaviest.

At that time there was a large Indian village where Denmark now is, and some traders came among them with whiskey, and made them drunk; so they came to rob us. We had worked hard all day, until nearly sundown, when we went to the house to eat supper. The Indians came yelling and soon filled the house. They then drew their knives, bows and arrows, and tomahawks—stuck their hands into our supper pot—and our supper was gone in a trice. Samuel Houlton drew a large poker, and was about to strike, when Avery exclaimed "Don't strike, Sam, or they will kill us all."—Hughs also told him not to strike, but let them take what they wanted, and he would go to the Indian Agent at Fort Wayne, and make them pay for it. They then acted as true Lords of the soil.—They poured out the whiskey into their camp kettles,—knocked in the head of a flour barrel, and also of a pork barrel, and, in fifteen minutes, flour, pork and whiskey was gone. They crossed the creek about twelve rods off, and camped for the night. While they were making their fires, and drinking the whiskey, we rolled out our last barrel of flour, and hid it in a brush heap. We also had about thirty pounds of pork hung up chamber, that they did not get, and that was all that saved us from starvation. The two hundred Indians fought and screamed all night. A better sample of the infernal regions never could be got up in this world. As soon as we secured our barrel of flour, we next resolved that, when they had generally got drunk, we would alight on them with a vengeance, and kill the last one of them. So we loaded our four guns with slugs, and then got two tomahawks and two hand axes, and waited till they would become more drunk. In this however we were disappointed. They did not seem to get more intoxicated. After drinking twenty gallons of whiskey, eating two hundred and thirty pounds of pork, and using up about 250 pounds of flour, with several

bushels of potatoes, they started off, about 8, o'clock in the morning, well satisfied with what they had done. We made application to the Indian agent, but never got any compensation for the articles taken. Every time I think of the Indian tragedy, I felt thankful that we were prevented from imbrueing our hands in their life blood. It was the traders, with their whiskey, that made all this trouble.

> Whiskey, whiskey, bane of life,
> Spring of tumult,—source of strife;—
> Could I but half thy curses tell,
> The wise would wish thee safe in hell."

I will now give you a narrative of another danger that I, and three others, passed through. The escape was almost miraculous; and do not forget that all this has something to do with the settlement of DeKalb county.

In the summer of 1831, Samuel Houlton sent me, and the widow Fee sent her son John Fee with me, out to the prairies, with two yoke of oxen and a large Pennsylvania wagon, to buy a load of provision. They let Moses Fee, a boy seven or eight years old, go with us. Before this, Sarah and Cynthia Fee were working on the prairies, to help support the family; and the old lady sent word for the girls to come home. So we went out, and got our load ready to return; when John Fee got a good chance to work awhile, and accordingly staid, leaving me, and the girls, and the little boy to get home through the woods and swamps, with the teams and wagon, as best we could. We were three days and a half getting home, "miring" down several times in the route. The road being narrow, and very crooked, I got fast frequently against the trees, and finally told the girls that one of them would have to drive the forward cattle;—So Sarah came, and drove the team. As we were thus driving along, we came to a dead cherry tree, that had partly fallen and lodged on another tree. The wagon ran over one of the large roots of this dead tree, and it broke suddenly about fifty feet from the root. The top part fell back on the wagon, within about six inches of the heads of Cynthia and the boy, smashing the boy's hand severely. The body of the tree fell along the road in the direction we were driving. By suddenly throwing myself back, I got barely out of its way and, having screamed to Sarah when I first saw it coming, to run for life, she ran with all her speed;—the top of the broken tree just brushing her head and clothes. Cynthia Fee married William Bender, and she and the little boy mentioned above are living within a few a miles of me, and are parents of large families. I married Sarah—the girl that drove the oxen, and outran the falling tree—on the 5th of February, 1833. In September of the same year, I took three hired men, a yoke of oxen, a crosscut saw and fro, & came on to forty acres I had entered, and, in four days, we four cut the logs for, and raised, and covered the house where I yet live, in Franklin Township, DeKalb county. I also hauled out and buried twenty bushels of potatoes on my land, and left them till we moved on, about a month after, and, though the Indians were thick around, my potatoes were not disturbed,—proving that they were more honest than some of their white brethren.

And now I want to show how the Hughs and Houlton mill, though in William county, Ohio, had a bearing on the settlement of DeKalb county.

When the mill had been in operation some years, the people began to settle on the St. Joseph, and would come and get lumber often on credit, to build with; and thus the mill aided greatly the settle-

ment of the county, though a few miles over the county and State line.' Mr. Houlton here gives a detailed account of a trip, through the wilderness, to Highland county, Ohio, in the summer of 18, 34, when the streams were all foaming high, exposing him to death by drowning ;—and of a narrow escape from being murdered for money he was supposed to have, and from which untimely death, a *supposed* pistol, (which existed only in *supposition,*) saved him &c. &c. Much as we would be gratified to be able to give his entire narrative, yet its length, and the bounds we must neccessarily give to our "sketckes," forbid.

Mr. H. goes on to say "In 1834 John Fee entered the large and excellent farm, of 5 or 6 hundred acres, on which he lives, and which lies on each side of the line between Steuban and DeKalb Counties. Indulge me in telling an anecdote of him. He had been out to the prairies for grain, and froze his feet badly; so that, for a long time, he co ld not wear boots or shoes. So he got the Indians to make him a *very large* pair of moccasins, which he wore. One day, after his feet got better, he went out hunting, and, after sauntering through the woods awhile, he crossed the largest moccason track he ever saw. He looked with astonishment at the monster track, and said to himself "what an Almighty big Indian has been along here! Its the d——est big Indian has ever been in these woods". About the time that his astonishment and curiosity got to its high est, he chanced to look behind him, and lo! it was his own track.

Fee's settling there led in others.—Luther Keep, Charles Crain, Peter Boyer and Charles Boyer were the earliest.

When the county was organized, sheriff Park came here, put up notices, for an election for county offices, and appointed me inspector. I chose Luther Keep and A. F.Beacher Judges. In organizing the township, Mr. Keep, being the oldest man, told me that, as I was the first settler, I should name the Township;—and we agreed together on the name of Franklin. This is a good Township; though not so *"propitious'y"* blest as Butlar—"flowing with milk and honey." True. *honey* was very plenty yet *milk* was tolerably scarce, till we got some cows in the Township. It is tolerabely well provided for' in school houses There is one church near the center. It belongs to the Lutherans. Preaching is mostly done in the school houses.

As Mr. Abram F. Beecher was one of the early settlers, and of the first board of county commissioners, I feel it due to his memory. as he has gone from earth, to relate an adventure of his, and of another of our citizens in company. Dr. Pink was living in Hamilton, and the "blacklegs" of Noble county stole his horse. Beecher and Willard Eddy started on horseback for the tamerack house, to look for the horse. Although they did not find the horse, yet they *did* find about a dozen of the most noted Blacklegs in a barn, distribu ing their counterfeit money to their runners. They had quite a pile of it. Beecher made a lunge amongst them, and grabbed a lot of their money, and started to run away; but Latta their president knocked him down, and they got all the paper back It was certainly lucky that the two did not get hurt. They went to a justice to take law, but the justice was either one of the gang, or afraid of his life or properity. It was about the time that several barns were burnt in Noble county by the blacklegs—Pity Beechers strength had not been equal to his nobl courage. Pink went out to look for his horse, but got nothing but a severe raw hiding from

Latta for his trouble and his horse. I myself, have lost about 200 dollars, by the same gang of Villains. This Bellfountain road was one of the principal routes leading to their nest. About a week after moving on my place in 1833. a stranger rode up to my house. He was an *awful* looking man but carried the prettiest rifle I ever saw. said I—"stranger you have the nicest kind of a gun. Will you let me look at it, "yes" said he and I took hold of it, but he jerked it back, saying that he would not trust his gun in the hands of strangers. He went on, and passed the road several times afterwards. About 12 years ago, the people of North western Illinois took the same man out in the open prarie—formed a half circle on one side of him, and told him to run for his life, and they would all shoot at him as he ran. He started and fell dead pierced by twenty bullets! such was the end of John Driscal.

And now fellow citizens, when I first moved into Franklin, my nearest neighbor was at Denmark, 10 miles off. My next neighbor, on the west, was Jackson prairie. 22 miles away. I had to buy my grain on the prairies, and take it to White Pigon prairie to get grinding; and with the many mire holes I had to struggle through, and with the vast number of times I had to unload and pry up the wagon, and and take a bag at a time on my shoulder, through creeks and sloughs often breast deep in water, and frequently ice to break at that—it generaly took me from two to four days to make the trip. Often when away from home have I had fears, lest some blackleg might murder my wife & child, and little sisterinlaw. 10 years old, and rob the house.

But they were never disturbed. I came in with the best of constitutions; but I am now very much broken. and afflicted with rheumatisms; so that I have to get help to put on my clothes.

Of the 4 of us robbed by the Indians, I suppose I am the only one alive.

Avery died in Ft Wayne, Samuel Houlton died at the mill on Fish creek, in May 1839. Hughs left Wayne in 1839 for the west and he undoubtedly has filled a drunkards grave ere now; for, I heard him say in the presence of Samuel Houlton and William Rogers, that he thought he was doing well when $500 a year paid his grog bill."

Here we will close the interesting narative of this pioneer of pioneers.

CHAPTER XII.

Other settlers in Franklin—Troy—Mr. Pinchins description—First stllers—A few items—Smithfield—Isaac B. Smith—Horrors of land hunting—Three fruitless trips—The fourth no better—Taken in by a rascal and "done for"—Two trips to Wells County—Another search and a 50 mile race on foot—Defeated again—Land ho!—Marking for the choice—Success at last—Settlers lower—An unwelcom bedfellow—Cabin raising—Bark shingles—Pole bedstead—Late planting and good crop—Ague—A mill trip—Getting lost in the storm—A hat "gone up"—Gloomy prospect—Happy escape &c.—Another Snake story—Early Settlers &c.

Franklin, Troy and Smithfield T'ps.

When Franklin Township was organized, it embraced Troy also. At what date Troy was organized, as a seperate Township, I am not now informed. The date of the organization of Franklin is July 25th 1837;—at the first session of the county board. The first settlers, in what is *now* known as Franklin, were John Houlton, whose narrative was given

in our last chapter; Peter Boyer, Michael Boyer, Joseph Boyer, M. L. Wheeler, old Mr. Waterman, James and Cyrus Bowman, Mr. McQueen,—A. F. Beecher and perhaps others whose names I have failed to get.

Troy Township

Is a fractional one—six miles long and two and half wide. An old settler (A. F. Pinchin Esq.) thus describes it. "It is an excellent township of land, taking it all together. The Northern portion is generally of a clay soil. The central portion and the south east corner is a rich sandy loam, and the west corner clayey. Fish creek, enters it perhaps a mile south of the North-west corner, and, running down through the centre, crossess, at once, the Township, County and State line about a mile north of the south east corner of the Township—This creek is the largest one in the county, except Cedar. It was on it, near its mouth, that Houlton & Hughs erected their saw mill in 1827, as related in our last chapter.—on it, and in Troy Township, Mr. Casebeer, an old settler, has a grist mill in operation; and, higher up, Samuel Kepler has another; and, at its very fountain, (The outlet of Fish Lake.) are the Hamilton Mills, owned by Mr. John Fee, mentioned in our last chapter. These last mentioned mills, however, are just over the County line, in Steuben.

The earliest settlers in this township were Isaac T. Aldrich, George Skinner, Roger and Simeon Aldrich, A. S Casebeer, Asa Haynes. G. Williams, Amos Stearns, R. Reed,—Willard Eldy,—S. Call, John Casebeer.—W. R. Herbert, —P. F. Beverly,—Upegraff Clawson, —J. Clawson, and Peter Helwig.

I have but few particulars from these pioneers. Mr. Stearns settled in September 1838.

He had to go 30 miles to post office and mill;—viz to Union mills, Lagrange County. Was sick from the middle of September 1838 till the first of January 1839, and the women had every thing to do. Deer were very thick in the woods, and one could be "knocked over" almost any day.

Owing to the advantages of water power in this Township, (which was early improved,) the settlements have rapidly advanced in improvement, and so far as I am acquainted, the inhabitants are generally upright, industrious and inclined to be religious.

Smithfield Township

Lies immediately west of Franklin, in the Northern tier of Townships. It has an excellent soil—mostly mixed with sand and gravel, with but very little of that flat clay land, found in many other parts of the County.

The first settler in the Township was Mr. Isaac B. Smith, several times mentioned heretofore. We have had the satisfaction to receive from his lips several incidents in his experience, that cannot fail to interest the reader. We will give them in the order in which they occured.

1st.—The Horrors of Land Hunting.

Mr. Smith came to Mr. Murrays, at Pleasant Lake Steuben county, and from thence explored the woods of Smithfield Township, to find a piece of vacant land that would suit him for a home. Three several times he had selected pieces, and went afoot to Ft. Wayne, (32 or 33 miles) and, finding the pieces selected already entered, had to return to Pleasant lake, (upwards of 40 miles,) and renew his search for a home. The fourth time he returned to the land office only to meet another disappointment. Tired in body and heart sick with hope defered, he met a man at the land office, from Wells coun-

ty, not far from where Bluffton now is, who represented to him that he was building a mill in that region, and knew of a very good quarter section of land still vacant; and stated that, although he had thought of entering it himself, yet he would give way, and let Mr. Smith have it. The Register of the Land Office told Mr, S. that he might depend on the veracity of this man, and accordingly he entered the tract, and went afoot down to where it lay. When he found it, he discovered that he was badly imposed upon; as the entire tract was an unbroken cotton wood swamp, boot-top deep with water. He now returned to the land office, and told the register the facts in reference to the land, and was informed that, by taking a man with him as witness, and examining the land, the man making oath that it was unfit for cultivation, he could have about a week to change his entry to another piece of land. Meeting with Mr. Wilber Powel, now of Fairfield Township, at the land office, he prvailed on him to accompany him as a witness. On reaching the place, they traced all the lines around the quarter section, and passed through it twice diagonaly from corner to corner, and did not see a *single tree* except cotton woods on the entire tract! Returning to Ft. Wayne, now for the sixth time, he got a newly corrected plat of Smithfield Township, and took the trail for the North again. Traversing the woods again, in company with two others, he selected a suitable trac, but just as he was about striking for the Auburn trace, to start again to Ft. Wayne he met with three other men looking around the same lines. He enquiree of them if they were going to Wayne to enter land. They replied in the affirmative. He enquired when, and they replied no for two or three days; but from the expression of their eye, he concluded that they were trying to deceive him. So, when the two companies parted, he told his companions that they would have a race for it.—Both parties struck for the shanty built by Park on cedar creek where Uniontown now is;—but Smith and his friends got too far North, and came out to the trace near the site of the present residence of Mr. Smith, and discovered their whereabouts by means of the mired ox mentioned in Parks narrative. It was now dusk, and they were 3 miles north of the desined shanty. Passing over these miles they reached their lodging place sometime after dark. Their competitors were not there- The next morning they were off before day, —passing down the trail at an Indian trot, and ate no breakfast until they reached squire Caswell's some 20 miles from where they started in the morning. All this distance was traversed in a continual trot. Mr. Smith having gained on his companions some they told him to call at Caswells, and order something to eat *"instanter"*. He did so and by the time the rear came up, breakfast was on the table. Eating in great haste, they left their coats, and trotted on arriving at Fort Wayne;—a distance of about 30 miles in all, at eleven o,clock A. M,.— On going to the land office,—Lo!—the pieces of land selected were entered!— After spending about an hour in resting and taking refreshments' Mr. Smith started back to look again, and as he was crossing the St Mary's bridge close to town, he met his competitors, also afoot puffing and sweating, *en route* for the Land office. He gave them the comfortable assurance that their race was in vain, without intimating at all that he was in the same row.—He returned that night to Mr. Parks at Auburn, having

traveled that day over 50 miles on foot. There were two men at Parks that night, Ruben J. Daniels and Ira Camburn. The next morning, Mr. S gathered from their conversation that they were going up into the North regions to look for land, and that Mr. Park was to go with them; for which each was to pay him $1.—He profferd his dollar also for the privelege of accompanying them, and having the assistance of Park in finding vacant land. The proposal was accepted, and the result was that Park showed them the tracts on which they afterwards severally settled. It was agreed that each should privately mark for his first choice of the lands and providentialy or accidentally as you may please to consider it each one marked the tract on which they subseqnently settled as their several choices, and each without knowing any thing about the choice of the others. It was now Friday eveneng and Mr. Smith had but one more day to change his entry. So he had another race to get to Ft. Wayne before the land office closed on Saturday. This time he was successful, but was nearly worn down with fatigue and anxiety. Eight times had he visited Fort Wayne before he secured his future home.

2ND SETTLING—AND ITS HARDSHIPS.

It was on Friday the 27th of May 1837, in the afternoon of the day, that Isaac B. Smith, Cyras Smith and Joseph Dalong, with their families, arrived on the hill where the residence of Mr. Smith now is. There was not even a shanty or wig-wam then, To keep off the night dews, they cut forks and driving four of them in the ground and laying poles on these, covered them with brush. Under these they lay on the ground, on Friday night; and on Saturday put up a cabin (such as the three men could raise) to the joists;—and again lay under the brush on that night. The next morning they discovered an unwelcome bedfellow, in the form of a "*massasogga*" or black rattlesnake, and, not being very much disposed to share their bed with these "natives," they went at it on Sunday morning, and "cobbed" up the cabin, and covered one side with black ash bark peeled from the adjacent trees; and, fixing poles in the crevises between the logs, laid their beds some feet above the ground, that Mr. "Massasogga" might have the ground to himself. On monday they covered the other side of the cabin, and the joists with bark; and carrying in some pole sleepers, laid a puncheon floor. By the time the floor was laid, the joists were found to be so low that even a woman (Mrs, Camburn) who afterwards settled in the neighborhood, could not walk straight under them.—We will not say but that she may have been taller than the majority of her sex.

Whatever may be thaught of cabin raising on Sunday, it must be remembered that "necessity knows no law." It seemed fortunate that the cabin was finished as soon as it was, for no sooner was the bark roof laid than it began to rain; and for twenty days, there was scarcely *one* that was not more or less *rainy*. In this cabin, 16 by 18 feet, the three families lodged together for 2 months, and then Mr. Dalong moved back to Plesant Lake, and Cyras Smith put up a cabin for himself.

On leaving Ohio, Mr. Smith had boxed up 5 bushels of potatoes, and among them, had packed his pots and kettles not wanted on the road, and sent the box with other goods, by public conveyance to Adrian, Michigan. He did not get them to his cabin, until about the first of July, and, on opening the box, found them awfully "smashed up" by the iron ware. He thought it was now too late to

plant them, but Mr. Park advised him *by all means* to do so. He planted them on the eighth and ninth of July, and in the fall dug eighty-six bushels from the five bushels of mangled seed! We will now relate the

HARDEST MILL TRIP YET

In July following his settlement, Mr. S. took the ague, and had it with but little intermission till the June following.—In December 1837, he had it so severely, each alternate day, that he was unable to be about. On his well day he could be around, but, of course, was very weak. Getting out of breadstuff, it became necessary that, sick as he was, he should go in quest of some. So, yoking up his oxen, he started for the town of Gilead Michigan, six miles beyond Orland, or "the Vermont settlement," as it was then called. It had rained much, and the streams were swollen. He made his way along, however, lying by, sick every other day; until he reached Gilead, where he got eight bushels of corn, and started back to Vermont mills, in the settlement of this same name. It had now turned "cold as Greenland" and was blowing fiercely while the air was filled with descending snow. It was yet early in the morning, and he had gone but three-fourths of a mile on the road to the mill, when the wind blew a tree down across the road, almost brushing the oxens heads. To get around the tree, he turned out of the road expecting to come right in again, but failed to do so; and, getting bewildered amid the falling snow, he drove on through the openings, as near as he could in the direction of the mills,—on—on—on—for hours after hours, and still no road or mill was found.

Mr. S. had, on his head, a palm leaf hat, that had been rather a fine one but was now "the worse of the wear."—While traveling, bewildered, through the openings, a whirling blast whisked it from his head, and, the last he saw of it, it was carrering on the wings of the wind—rising higher and higher until it was lost to sight in a cloud of snow. Having a "*conforter*" on his neck, he drew the end of it over his head, and traveled on. Thus the time past, in continual traveling through the cold stormy day, and the failing light told the lost man that night was near; and he began to picture to himself the long cold night that would follow, in all probability the last he should ever see—or, if he should survive,—a morning of distressing sickness, to follow the night of suffering:—and he all alone in the snow clad forest. Just then the cloud broke in the west and he could see the place where the sun set, and striking in that direction, in about eighty rods he found the road he had left in the morning, and the bridge across "crooked creek" about half way from Gilead to the Mills;—so that he had advanced not more than three miles in all his hard days travel. Place yourself in his circumstances, reader, and imagine, if you can, his joyful feelings in seeing the road again. In an hour he was safely housed at the residence of Deacon Stocker, father to Leland Stocker Esq. of Angola. Here he lay sick the next day, and on the day following left his corn at the mill, and started for Tull's mill near the White Pigeon Prairie; where he obtained 15 bushels of very smutty wheat, which he brought to the Vermont mills also. Here at Deacon Stockers again, he spent 3 days—two of them too sick to travel, and the third waiting for his grist. Finally starting for Pleasant lake, he lay there during a sick day, and, on the next day, got a man to go with him to break ice in the streams. By dint of hard work all day, they got within a half mile of home; and had to leave the wagon on the trail—turn

out the oxen in the woods—and "*foot*" it in. The next day; being the eleventh since leaving home, he got his wagon home. His grist, not counting the price of the corn, which was paid as he moved in, cost him all in *cash* 45 dollars!

R. J. Daniels Esq., was the second settler in the Township. The date of his settlement is January 1838. He says "two of us put up my cabin, and on the 28th of January moved into it without door upper floor or daubing. There were plenty of Indians and wolves. The next summer my wife went to the bed to move a chair, when lo! a massasogga lay coiled up thereon." Perhaps the gentleman was endeavoring to scale the bedstead.

Besides those two already mentioned, the following persons were also early settelers; viz:—Phrez Blake; Norton Blake; Henry Shoemaker; Thomas Lock; David Martin; Wm. M'Entaffer; J. Haun; Jno; Baxter; Jeremiah Hemstreet; Isaac Grate. Jacob McLeish; Isaiah McLeish; Wm. Clark; Joel E. Thompson; Hugh M'Osker; Jacob M'Entaffer and George Seiner.

At the first election, held in the Township, there were just enough of votes to form a board.—viz five.

Smithfield is now equally as well improved, according to the time of its settlement, as any other. It is, doubtless, destined to keep pace with any other in all the elements of wealth and beauty.

CHAPTER XIII.

Description—Rich—Rolling—Picturesque—First settlers—Five interesting Stories—Pioneers—Organization—Sovereigns of the ballot box—Village of Fairfield—The future—Winding up at last—The roll of fame—Our county—Soil—R. R. Facilities—Water and Steam—Schools and Academies—Churches—Health—Closing Admonition—

FAREWELL.

FAIRFIELD TOWNSHIP.

This is the North West corner Township of the County, and is six miles square. It is the most hilly one. The land is considerably broken in places, but the soil is very generally quite rich and easily tilled. Fairfield was the last Township in the county to fill up with settlers. This was owing to its distance from Fort Wayne—from the St. Joseph river and from the county seat. Since the country has been settled up and plank and railroads have been built, it is equally as favored with conveniences of all kinds as the other Townships. To the lover of the picturesque it will be the most inviting township in the county, when its long slopes, rugged bluffs, deep ravines with limpid rills, and it's lake shores shall be properly improved.

The very first settlers in the Township were the family of Storys. Could I have seen them, perhaps they would have furnished me some *stories* for this chapter. As it is however my *story* about this Township must be short. These Storys, like stories in general, seem to have been quite prolific. There are Augustus, Frederick, Willard, George and Samuel. But as a *good story* is always acceptable these being, so far as I am informed, all good, their number is really an advantage to the Township and county. R. R. Lounsbury was another early settler—he having sold out in Wilmington and settled in Fairfield quite early. Here, I believe, he found a grave. Wilbur Powel, William and Isaac Wilsey, D. Rager Esq., Hiram Thomas, Phillip Gushwa, John Shook, Henry and Leonard Hartman and Miles Allen, were also all early settlers in the Township. Others may have settled there as soon, but I am not apprised of any others.

I have received no incidents of the early days of the Township and perhaps, as this was the last one to be settled there may be no very remarkable incidents.

The Township was organized in the Spring of 1844, there being then but six voters, if I am correctly informed. There are now 240 voters in it. This may give some idea of its rapid settlement. Fairfield Center is the only village in its bounds and there is but little prospect of its becoming a city very soon. The rail road passing through a little south of the township line draws the trade to the villages on the road.

A few years will no doubt make good its name and *fair fields* and beautiful dwellings will be seen in every part of the township.

And now fellow citizens I am about to close my sketches. I propose however, before finally winding up, to make out a list of all that have held township office, in the several townships from their organization until the present; so far as I have been able to gather their names. It must be expected that this list will be imperfect as I have had to depend on information from others and those have had to rely on their memories, and no man's memory perhaps could call up *every* name. Should any be omitted I assure them that it is for want of information.

The resources of our country are only *beginning* to be developed. We have all the elements of temporal prosperity at hand. The soil of our county taking it as a whole is decidedly *good*. The timber is excellent. We have railroad facilities through almost the very center of the county—and throughout its entire length. These facilities will perhaps be increased by the building of another road hereafter. We have abundant water power in the St. Joseph river and the several creeks passing through the county, and where there is any lack in this respect the power of steam is supplying it. Good school houses are being built by most of the Townships in the several school districts, and the Auburn Union school and the Newville Acadamy present opportunities for higher attainments in science. Good churches are being erected all over the county, by Evangelical denominattons and our citizens generally are moral enteprising, industrious and religiously disposed.

The health of our county has greatly improved for a few years past and will, no doubt, still improve as the country is cleared up and the marshes drained.—Let us be grateful for the advantages we enjoy, and strive to act well our part as citizens and as christians. If we live forgetful of our duty to God, to one another or to our fellow men at large, no amount of temporal prosperity can make us truly blest. May God bless you all.

A list of those who have filled Township offices in their several Townships, so far as we had opportunity to collect them.

N. B.—The names are given without any reference, in general, to the order of time in which each filled office. In some Townships the list is very imperfect, but as complete as we could make it from our means of information.

NEWVILLE.

Justices.—Washington Robinson; J Helmick; John Cary; J. S. Peck; Dwight Moody.

Constables.—John P. Widney; John Thompson; Asa Overacker.

Trustees.—D. Strong; A. B. Fetterer; N. Fuller; John Newton; John Murphy; N. L. Thomas; Newton Thomas; I. N. Blood; Alva Lawrence; S. Delong; D. Moody; Ephraim Strong; John Platter.

CONCORD.

Justices.—John Blair; Ebenezer Co-

burn ; George Barney ; Jeremiah Rhodes; John Bates ; Asher Coburn ; James Draggoo ; Moses Perry ; Lorenzo Dawson ; Robert Culbertson.

CONSTABLES.—Gardner Mellindy ; W. Monroe ; Uriah Miller ; Henry Fales ; Eben Smith ; D. Harrington ; Jas. Smith; J. Z. Henderson ; Sam'l Flint ; Moses Boyle ; John Smith ; D. Andrews ; Michael Knight ; W. R. Drake.

TRUSTEES.—S. Widney ; John Blair ; Ebenezer Coburn ; Asher Coburn ; J. P. Widney ; J. E. Shilling ; James Hadseil ; Asa Fletcher ; John F. Coburn ; William Monroe ; Michael Silberg ; John Helmick; Moses Perry ; Jonathan Boyle ; Bushrod Catlin ; Moses Perry ; Romeo Catlin ; W. Horner ; James Draggoo ; John Shutt ; Jacob Dils.

ASSESSORS.—Jeremiah Rhodes ; John A. Chillis.

JACKSON.

JUSTICES.—William Means ; John C. Hursh ; A. D. Gutchieus ; Henry Brown; Jacob Mowrer.

CONSTABLES.—Wm. R. Moore ; Wm. M'Nabb ; Benj. Bailey ; Frank. Bailey ; David Matthews ; S. Guisinger ; Thomas Wyatt ; Willis Bishop ; Wm. Beaty ; A. H. Flutter ; John Carper ; Burton Brown; John M'Clelland.

TRUSTEES.—Oliver Shrader ; Aaron Osborn ; A. D. Goetchieus ; Jas. Moore ; Israel Shearer ; Christian Sheets ; Sam'l Tarney ; Joseph Walters ; Isaac Fiandt ; Peter Shafer ; Jos. Woolsey ; David Henderson ; Elias Zimmerman ; Abraham Johnson ; James M'Clelland.

ASSESSORS.—John G. Dancer ; Joseph Walters ; Alexander Purviance.

BUTLER.

JUSTICES.—Wm. Day ; Silas Hand ; Geo. Monroe ; Geo. Ensley ; Wm. M'Anally ; Job. C. Smith ; G. R. Huffman ; O. C. Clark ; E. S. Hanson.

CONSTABLES.—Stephen Clark ; Abram Brown ; Wm. Young ; Peter Simons ; Urial Wigent ; David Trussell ; James Forbes ; Jehu Bricker ; Jas. M'Enally ; R. B. Showers ; John Noel ; Martin Bilger.

TRUSTEES.—Jacob Shull ; C. Probst; Henry Clark ; I. N. Young ; P. Simons ; John Grube ; J. V. Keran ; Geo. Monroe ; Geo. Ensly ; Urial Wigent ; S. Hutchins; J. Clark ; G. R. Hoffman ; Dan'l Huffman ; Geo. Gordon; James Goetchius.

STAFFORD.

JUSTICES.—Rufus Coats ; Henry Fusselman ; David M'Daniel ; Noyce Coats ; Sam'l Waunemaker ; F. Huffman ; J. J. Imhoof.

CONSTABLES.—I. Gaft ; C. R. Waunemaker ; H. Dickerhoof ; H. H. Waunemaker.

TRUSTEES.—J. J. Gunsenhouser; Isaac Deal : A. Fusselman ; Joseph A. Coats ; Noyce Coats ; J. J. Imhoof ; F. Huffman; Peter Walter ; John Crouse; Sam'l Headley ; John W. Rose ; Jesse W. Rose ; C. H. Waunemaker ; Wm. Brown : John Webster ; Wm. Webster ; Chris. Waunemaker.

ASSESSORS.—C. R. Waunemaker ; Jas. Cather ; Jacob Crise.

WILMINGTON.

JUSTICES.—Charles D. Handy ; Moses L. Pierson ; Dan'l B. Mead ; P. B. Nimmons ; John Moore ; Dr. Madden ; Ezra Dickinson ; Richard Worth ; L. A. Benedict ; H. C. Colgrove.

CONSTABLES.—Dan'l Coats ; N. H. Mathews ; Jesse Wood; Wm. K. Straight; Wm. Mathews ; Wm. Campbell ; Edsall Cherry ; Noble Cherry ; Peter Kester ; A. F. Packer ; Hiram Freeman ; N. W. Delano ; Isaac Eakright ; W. D. Armstrong ; Joseph Norris ; John Weaver.

TRUSTEES.—John Helwig ; M. L. Pierson ; Colins Roberts ; Joseph Nodine ; Joseph Totten ; Asa Sawyer; S. B. Ward;

Thomas Fosdick ; E. W. Fosdick ; Edgar Treman ; Wm. Maxwell ; Nelson Smurr ; Andrew Smith ; Wm. H. Thomas ; Dr. Madden ; Lot B. Coe ; N. G. Sewall ; G. Maxwell ; W. K. Straight ; P. B. Nimmons ; W. D. Armstrong ; A. Cochran.

UNION.

JUSTICES.—L. Ingman ; D. Altenburg; John Carpenter ; W. Griswold ; Jno. Davis ; G. Wolf ; S. W. Russel ; J. D. Davis ; J. W. Case ; Wm. Lessig.

CONSTABLES.—J. O. P. Sherlock ; Wm. Shirter ; Lyman Chidsey ; T. J. Freeman; Isaac Latson ; Joseph Garver ; Jno. Drury ; Z. Tanner ; H. Siberts ; J. Powlas ; H. Jones ; L. Weaver ; S. Bowman ; L. Leasure ; Jonathan Hall ; A. O. Espy ; J. Haun ; Zopher Johnson : Jeremiah Plum ; Wm. Valeau ; Andrew Harsh ; J. H. Piles ; Emanuel Miller ; George Jones; J. B. Howard.

TRUSTEES.—J. B. Rockwell ; D. Altenburg ; J. F. Coburn ; John Husselman ; N. Payne ; Jas. C. George ; C. Simonds; S. W. Sprott; Aaron Hague ; Jas. R. Cosper ; T. J. Freeman ; Kneeland Abbot ; Wm. Middleton ; Henry Clay ; G. R. Baker ; J. E. Hendricks ; A. Watkins ; T. R. Dickinson ; H. Moneysmith ; D. Eldrige ; J. Hawk ; Dr. W. Dancer ; Jacob Cupp ; J. J. Huffman ; John Davis ; O. A. Parsons ; O. C. Houghton ; John Summers ; John Lightner ; W. Griswold; Adam Stroh ; J. K. Hare ; John Ralston; S. Sanders ; Jacob M'Entaffer.

ASSESSORS.—Isaac Kutzner ; John C. St. Clair.

RICHLAND.

JUSTICES.—Wm. Showers ; Jas. Blake; D. Shaw ; L. D. Brittain.

CONSTABLES.—Lyman Green ; John Clay ; Robert Williams ; Luman Fulson ; J. Simons ; D. Mallery ; A. P. Bristol ; John Palmer ; L. Thomas ; B. Sanders ; David Swander ; C. B. Kagey.

TRUSTEES.—Peter Treish; Joshua Brubecker ; David Lawrence ; A. J. Hunt ; Jacob Palmer; Jefferson Wallace ; Christian Fretz ; Solomon Showers ; H. Willis; W. Connelly ; J. C. Mead ; Japhet Ingraham ; James Blake ; Lyman Green ; W. Showers ; L. D. Brittain ; H. Sherlock ; H. Knapp ; I. Kanaga.

ASSESSORS.—Wm. Welker ; C. Knapp; John Shaw ; Henry Sherlock.

TROY.

JUSTICES.—A. S. Casebeer ; S. Learned Hambright Reese ; Jacob Helwig ; G. C. Everetts ; John M'Donald ; Geo. Smiley.

CONSTABLES.—Willard Eddy ; Peter Helwig ; W. R. Emmerson ; H. Casebeer; George Smiley.

TRUSTEES.—Amos Stearns; Jacob Helwig ; Roger Aldrich ; Jacob Casebeer ; John Robinet ; Peter Jennings ; W. R. Emmerson Simeon Aldrich ; Wm. Knisely ; B. Wise ; B. Wallick ; Timothy McClure ; Daniel Knisely.

CLERKS.—W. R. Herbert ; A. F. Pinchin ; F. G. Biddle ; D. M'Curdy.

TREASURERS.—S. Learned ; D. W. Aldrich, J. A. Zimmerman; Amos Stearnes; G. C. Everetts.

FRANKLIN.

JUSTICES.—M. Wheeler ; L. Buck ; J. King ; John M'Curdy ; George Beard ; George Firestone; T. H. Mitchel.

CONSTABLES.—G. W. Jefferds, Miles Waterman, Cyrus Jackman, David Clark, John Shock, Abner Slentz, John R. Ball, George Firestone, Wm. Oberlin.

TRUSTEES.—G. Beard, B. Smith, Jabez Hubbell, Miles Waterman, G. Shultz, H. Slentz, A. Baxter, J. T. Aldrich, J. Jackman, H. Smith, Joseph Boyer.

ASSESSORS.—A. Baxter, E. H. Taylor.

SMITHFILD.

JUSTICES.—R. G. Daniels, David Martin Dan'l Gingrish, Jeremiah Hemstreet, R. M'Bride, J. E. Rutan, Aaron Smith.

CONSTABLES.—Dan'l Shull, Henry Nevin, Henry Treish, Thomas Lock, Aaron

Smith, Justus B. Howard, Edward Richards.

Trustees.—Pharez Blake, I. B. Smith D. Smith, I. Grate, Isaiah M'Leish, Augustus Ball, H. Freeman, Sam'l D. Long, John Lease, Thomas Lock, Harman Mullen, John M'Osker, John Hornberger, George W. Frout, Geo. J. Duncan, Wm. Hoffman, R. Lockhart, Wm. Cox.

Assessors.—John Baxter, H. Freeman, John Schrantz, Cyrus Duncan.

FAIRFIELD.

Justices.—D. Rager, R. Worrell, Jesse Brumback, Job. C. Smith, S. Grenimyer, George Powell, Wm. Harper.

Constables.—Sam'l Story, J. Hatch, George Rowe, D. D. Powless, J. Gushwa, D. C. Shipe, W. Short, John Gonzer, Dan'l Gonzer.

Trustees.—R. Worrel, D. Rager, W. Childs, S. Miser, J. C. Smith, G. W. Smith, D. Gonzer, D. N. Nidick, B. Hunt, John Long, E. Wright, I. Short, W. H. Wilsey, Moses Gonzer, D. Kimbell, B. A. Chaffee, H. Thomas.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Commissioners.—Peter Fair, A. F. Beecher, S. Widney, I. B. Smith, Dan'l Moody, Dan'l Strong, O. D. Keep, I. T. Aldrich, Warner Spooner, A. S. Casebeer, John C. Hursh, Wm. Showers, John Helwig, Jacob Helwig, Henry Ernest, Joel E. Thompson, J. Hemstreet, J. M. Goetchius, S. Delong, Joseph Walters, Amzi Seely.

Sheriff.—Wesley Park, T. J. Freeman, Jonathan Poffenberger, S. W. Ralston, W. K. Straight, Isaac Brandt.

Auditor.—S. W. Sprott, Aaron Hague Miles Waterman, Milton F. Pierce.

Clerk.—John F. Coburn, S. W. Sprott, J. P. Widney.

Recorder.—John F. Coburn, S. W. Sprott, John M'Cune, Willis Griswold.

Treasurer.—W. Park, (L. Ingman, James Hadsell, *collectors*) S. W. Ralston, J. E. Hendricks, E. W. Fosdick, C. S. Hare, Jacob Helwig.

Surveyor.—Joseph Miller, C. Probst, Joseph Nodine, Dan'l Altenburg.

JUDGES.

Associate.—A. Walden, T. L. Yates, Sam'l Widney, Nelson Payne, Robert Work, David Martin, Abraham Cope, G. C. Mudget.

Probate.—Lott Herrick, J. B. Wade,

Common Pleas.—John Morris Esq., E. B. Mott Esq.

Assessor.—Francis A. Wilber, Wm. P. Means, John Baxter.

School Commissioners.—W. Park, Robert Work, James C. George.

Commissioner 3 per cent fund. R. R. Lounsbury.

Surpluss Revenue Agent.—S. Widney.

Swamp Land Commissioners.—Joseph Nodine, W. W. Griswold.

Coroner.—O. A. Parsons, Lyman Chidsey, L. H. Coe, Jeremiah Plum.

N. B.—There are a number of typographical errors in the preceeding pages. The intelligent reader can correct most of them himself. On the 19th page the columns are transposed. Read the 2d column *first*.

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C. J. Maxton, founder of Maxton Motors, originally was a school teacher and then was a traveling salesman for one year. When he and Audra were married, she wanted him to get a job where he didn't have to work nights so he started selling Model T Fords for L. O. Gates. Soon Ford stopped production on Model T's and it was two years before the Model A was ready for dealers to sell. With no new Fords to sell C. J. and L. O. decided to get in the Chevrolet business. They obtained a contract for Chevrolet in Butler, Indiana. The showroom was located where Boney's Restaurant is now and the kitchen was the service area.

Chevrolet has become more and more popular and even after the Model A Ford was announced Chevrolet still out-sold Ford. Along about that time the depression hit and quite a number of automobile dealers went out of business. Maxton Motors was able to acquire the Olds, Buick and Pontiac franchises along with Chevrolet. There are very few dealers in the country that handle the four lines of cars in one building today.

In the beginning he had one mechanic and one salesman. He was his own parts and service manager and he farmed out his bookkeeping. After business grew he was able to hire more people and today the agency is known as the "World's Largest Small Town Dealer." There are forty-two employees now and one has been with Maxton's for 38 years and five of them have received their gold watches for 25 years or more.

Many times during the past 43 years GM has talked to C. J. about moving to a larger community but he likes Butler and says that the Butler area has been good to him and he would like to spend the rest of his days here. During the last year Jack Maxton took over an agency in Worthington, Ohio, and many people have asked what would become of Maxton Motors. Dick Bercaw has been doing a good job and arrangements have been made so that the company can continue after Audra and C. J. decide to permanently retire.

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The DeKalb County Fuel, Light, and Power Company was incorporated August 11, 1906. Its stockholders elected O. N. Guldin, President; Charles H. Printz, Secretary; and J. Ross McCulloch, Treasurer. This company was the beginning of the present Northern Indiana Fuel and Light Company. The Wayne General Construction Company built the first buildings in which the company manufactured gas. C. A. Runyan began operating the company in 1914. Initially the company served customers in only Auburn and Garrett. Thereafter, the Noble County Gas Company at Kendallville was assumed and eventually lines were laid tying the two companies together. The company has continued to expand and now covers several hundred square miles in Northeastern Indiana. Customers are now served in DeKalb county and parts of Noble and Allen counties. A subsidiary company, Consumers Natural Gas Company, serves Steuben county. Natural gas was received in the area in 1954. Since that time the company's growth has been rapid and many new towns and communities have been added to the lines. Northern Indiana Fuel and Light has substantially contributed to the growth of Northeastern Indiana.

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Auburn, Indiana

The Johnson family started in the oil business sixty years ago when Walter Johnson began working for the Indian Refining Company in Fort Wayne. This employment continued from 1908 to 1918, when he opened an Indian Refining Company bulk plant in Auburn. He delivered petroleum products to Auburn residents with a team and tank wagon until 1923. Thereafter, a McIntyre truck (built in Auburn) was used. Walter Johnson died in 1929 and the business was then assumed by his widow, Frieda Johnson. In 1931 the Indian Refining Company was merged with the Texaco Company. On March 1, 1946, Walter and Frieda Johnson's son, R. W. Johnson, took over the company and presently operates it. The R. W. Johnson Oil Company is the Texaco Distributor for DeKalb county. The company operates its own stations in Auburn, Waterloo, and Angola.

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The Society meets bi-monthly at various locations throughout DeKalb County. Following a short business session, programs pertaining to the history of DeKalb County and the surrounding area are presented. Recent programs have included the history of the one-room school houses of DeKalb County, the history and a tour of the Heinzerling home in Butler Township, the story of the Underground Railroad in Northeastern Indiana, and the business history of Auburn. ..A Historic Tour is sponsored by the Society in June of each year.

The Society has several long-term projects. The first and most ambitious is the preservation of the Cedar Chapel Covered Bridge. The bridge was moved in 1966 and funds are still being sought to permanently relocate it and develop the area as a park. Future plans include the preservation of a one-room school house and the establishment of a historical museum. A portion of the proceeds from the sale of this publication will be allocated to the Covered Bridge Project.

It is hoped that the Society can continue to publish historical material relevant to DeKalb County.

Every interested person is invited to membership in the DeKalb County Historical Society. Annual dues are $2.00 for individuals and $3.00 for families. Memberships are on an annual basis. Even though a person may not be able to participate actively and attend meetings, he can support the activities of the Society by his dues. Memberships may be obtained from any officer or by mailing name, address, type of membership, and a check for dues to:

DEKALB COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Post Office Box 148
Auburn, Indiana 46706

HELP SAVE THE COVERED BRIDGE

The only remaining covered bridges in Northeastern Indiana are the three covered bridges in DeKalb County. These are known as Cedar Chapel, Spencerville, and Dills Covered Bridges. In 1966 the Indiana State Highway Department scheduled the destruction and replacement of the Cedar Chapel Covered Bridge. The fledgling DeKalb County Historical Society campaigned to save this bridge and was successful in having it moved to a location adjacent to its original site over Cedar Creek. Plans have been formulated to develop this area into a park. Funds are urgently needed to complete this project. Contributions are tax deductible and may be mailed to the Society, Post Office Box 148, Auburn, Indiana 46706. Contributions should be marked as such.

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The books are ideal as gifts for family or friends. It is suggested that copies be obtained and saved for each child or grandchild. The index containing the names of over 1,050 DeKalb County Pioneers is invaluable to those interested in genealogical and family history.

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